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MISCELLANIES.

[From the Exeter News Letter.]

Mr Gerrish—On the early visit of the Sea Serpent to our coasts, several years ago, some Yankee poet addressed to him sundry impertinent questions which were published in the Newspapers of the day and extensively circulated. I believe an answer has never yet been published. It is respectfully submitted to the News Letter.

THE SEA SERPENT

TO THE YANKEE BARD.

Why trouble me with thy irreverent letters?
And crowd thy questions on me in a throng?
Is this thy manners, when thou see'st thy betters,
To tease them with impertinence and song?
Could I but catch thee splashing in the brine
I'd stop THY mouth—and thou should'st squirm in mine.

"How big am I?" thou ask'st—"and what my shape?"
Come to Cape Ann or half-way-rock and see!
"Be not afraid!" I never fear'd an Ape,
Nor any of the straddling tribe nor thee.
Fearless my course amid the waves I keep
And reign the mighty monarch of the deep.

The "raw materials" that my frame compose,
Were wisely formed by the Almighty's hand,
At whose command obedient I arose
King of the seas and wonder of the land!
But never since the march of time began
Were such materials formed for mortal man.

"Where is my home?" Where'er the billows roll
I make my home and peacefully recline,
Or near the Northern or the Southern pole,
Or bask beneath the Equinoctial line
The Yellow, Red, or Black, or Baltic sea
Are all alike—are all a home to me.

"Why have I left my home?" My home is here—
Here on the Yankee shore—and who denies
My right and title—let him venture near
To rouse my vengeance—and the rebel dies.
Let those who fain would lord it o'er the sea,
Array their forces and contend with me.

Come forth, ye Yankee tars, who on the seas
Dar'd meet the self-styled mistress of the main;
Again unfurl your banners to the breeze
And try your skill in battle once again.
I'll stand alone, and single handed meet
The Hulls and all the heroes of your fleet.

And yet I've never seen—the truth to tell,
In any age, upon the foaming wave
Such very little creatures fight so well,
Or strut about so fearless and so brave.
O they did box it rarely—tiny elves!
And knew no fear of creatures like themselves.

Adieu, my little lad of wit and worth,
And should you have the honor of a meeting
With some huge mammoth, monarch of the earth,
The monarch of the ocean sends him greeting.
O men! what weak and trifling things you be
When placed beside the mammoth or by me!

[From the London Literary Magazine.]

COURTSHIP.

Less than forty years ago, there dwelt in Liverpool, a gentleman, a surgeon by profession, whose name was Holden. He had "one only daughter," who was known by the modest Christian name of Priscilla, and, like old Polonius, he loved her "passing well." As the mother of Priscilla had died while she was very young, she became the very "apple of her father's eye,"—the being upon whom he lavished all the affections of his nature. Having always been absorbed in the mere dry details of his profession, he was not a man possessed of many elegant accomplishments. He, however, determined within himself that his daughter should be a model of perfection. No cost or pains were spared to render her a complete paragon in every species of accomplishment. Her genius was, as it were, put into a hot bed. When the first years of childhood were past, her father, whose indulgence was unbounded, and who wanted the necessary taste to take upon himself the direction of her studies, allowed her to undertake such as pleased her own fancy. It was not enough, that a young girl, of an ardent disposition, thus left to herself, should make choice rather of that which was showy and fashionable rather than that which was useful. Her reading, also, was confined principally to novels and romances, through the whole ocean of which she was permitted to drive without helm or pilot to direct her course. Now we have no objection to these elegant and lighter flowers of the garland of literature, but they should, in all cases, be judiciously selected, and only recurred to as occasion serves, to unbend the mind after more serious and serviceable studies.

It is observable, and is, withal, perfectly natural, that a young lady no sooner arrives at a slight knowledge of herself, than an innate tenderness arises in her heart, which to fix itself only requires an object. One would have thought, that with Priscilla Holden, considering the inflammatory sort of reading to which she had been addicted, and the desultory, though expensive course of her education, this feeling would very early have developed itself. Such, however, was not the case.—Though of a lively imagination, she was naturally a girl of good sense, and she avoided, intuitively, the shoals of fools and coxcombs who were so assiduous in paying their court to her. She was in her twenty-first year when, at a party, she met with Henry Selwyn, a young man of talent and acquirements. Now she had, in common with the rest of her sex, imbibed the silly opinion, that, as men are necessarily the masters, and protectors after marriage, it is proper that women should have the prerogative of exercising as much tyranny as they possibly can previous to that event.

Selwyn soon became very assiduous in his attentions to Priscilla, and it was evident to all that she was deeply and devotedly in love with her.—When she made the discovery, her sensations were any thing but disagreeable, for her heart had long panted for an object on which her good sense might allow it to fix itself. When, however, young Selwyn began to make those pointed advances towards her, which are so well understood, she kept aloof, and, dissembling her real feelings, treated him with rigid coolness and formality. We will not undertake to say, that such conduct is wrong in all cases. Ladies, like the ancient Parthians, conquer most when they seem to fly. Selwyn proved the ardor of his passion by the perseverance with which he pursued the seige for the period of six months, during which the icy frigidity with which the lady had armed herself, seemed little likely ever to be thawed. He had managed adroitly to get introduced to Mr. Holden, and, as the latter found, from his conversations with his daughter, that she held Selwyn in high estimation, he was admitted to the house on the most friendly footing.

At length the young man became seriously ill, in consequence of the continued disappointment of his fondly cherished hopes. Mr. Holden was called in to attend him. At first, he was much puzzled to make out the nature of the disorder with which his patient was afflicted. He imagined it to be a nervous fever. Selwyn, however, knowing the inefficacy of all medicine to a "mind diseased," on the third visit described his symptoms more accurately than he did at first, by confessing the real state of the case. The father was not displeased. He liked the young man, and his prospects and character, were unexceptionable. One thing, however, he had long made up his mind to—that his daughter's inclination should be the law upon which he would alone act in the disposal of her hand.

Priscilla was not at all disconcerted when her father abruptly informed her of the discovery which he had made. It was the very subject which had been occupying her thoughts for hours before.—During the illness of Selwyn, pity had stepped in and subdued her heart till it was pervaded only by the best and tenderest feelings of her sex. She then felt in full force how dearly she loved the poor youth, and how highly she appreciated his estimable qualities. The natural frankness of her disposition at that moment predominated, and she told her father all that she felt, and had so long and cruelly concealed. She concluded by commissioning him to tell Selwyn that she accepted him. It will be easily conceived how rapid was the recovery of the latter after his prescriptions from such a doctor. Three days after, he was at her feet thanking her, in rapturous terms, for the happiness which she had bestowed upon him.

Priscilla was not yet disposed to renounce the command which she held. She did not, as she ought to have done, become at once the confiding friend of her lover. If ever he presumed to step over the rigid bounds which she had prescribed for him, and to approach the verge of the familiar with her, she frowned him into retreat. Enamoured as he was, he was fully disposed to allow her to be the superior being she assumed. She was an angel—a goddess, and he was a willing slave. Alas! neither of them took into consideration, that things could not always be thus.

At length, Selwyn, aided by the intercession of Mr. Holden, persuaded her to name a day for the nuptials. The ceremony was performed, and never did a pair, who loved each other more ardently, vow eternal constancy at the altar of God. The result of such an union ought to have been immediate happiness. But the tables were now naturally turned. Selwyn felt that he was her husband and her lord. The awe of distance no longer elevated her into the spheres; matrimony brought familiar intercourse; the infirmities of temper became known on both sides; they ought to have been known before. Amiable, estimable as he knew her to be, he still loved her with impassioned ardor, but he, as a matter of course, found, that he had too long viewed her rather through the veil of fancy than with the eye of truth, and he saw that she was not an angel, but a woman.

Priscilla, on the other hand, could not at once give up the rule to which she had so long been accustomed. But to those solemn grandeurs, which had appeared so imposing during the period of courtship, Selwyn as a husband, could in no wise submit. They now took their right appearance, and got their proper appellation of airs and caprices. The consequence of all this was, many a month of heart burning, and bickering, and recrimination, which might have been spared them, had the proper degree of confidence existed before marriage. By degrees, they became accustomed to their relative situations, and Mrs. Selwyn at length found, that she was much happier in having her husband a familiar and devoted friend, whom she could look up to, than a creature whom she could tyranize over at her caprice.

In conclusion, we would say, to men of sense, for we write not to gallants and coxcombs,—be candid and sincere in your intercourse with the female of your choice. Begin as you intend to end. Make her not your idol, but speak the language of truth to her at first or never. The ladies we will presume to advise,—nay, we will entreat them to allow their lovers a respectful and familiar communion with them. Surely they cannot too thoroughly know the man to whose guidance and will they intend to entrust the whole conduct of their whole life. Let confidence be so mutual, that love may have an opportunity of founding itself upon the rocky basis of esteem.

The following sketch of an introduction to the Prince Regent of England, and of the throngs at the royal levee, is from Rush's Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London.

A competent knowledge of the world may serve to guide any one in the common walks of life, wherever he may be thrown; more especially if he carry with him the cardinal maxim of good breeding every where, a wish to please, and an unwillingness to offend. But if, even in private society, there are rules not to be known but by experience, and if these differ in different places, I could not feel insensible to the approach of an occasion, so new to me. My first desire was, not to fail in the public duties of my mission; the next, to pass properly through the scenes of official and personal ceremony to which it exposed me. At the head of them was my introduction to the sovereign. I desired to do all that full respect required, but no more; yet—the external observances of it—what were they? They defy exact definition beforehand, and I had never seen them. From the restraints, too, that prevailed in these spheres, lapses, if you fall into them, are little apt to be told you, which increases your solicitude to avoid them. I had, in some of my intercourse, caught the impression that simplicity was considered best adapted to such an introduction; also, that the Prince Regent was not thought to be fond of set speeches. This was all that I could recollect. But simplicity, all know, is a relative idea. Often it is attainable, in the right sense, only through the highest art, and on full experience.

I arrived before the hour appointed. My carriage having the *entre*, or right to the private entrance, I went through St James's Park, and got to Carlton house by the paved way through the gardens. Even this approach was already filled. I was set down at a side door, where stood servants in the Prince's livery. Gaining the hall, persons were seen in various costumes. Among them were yeomen of the guard, with halberds in their hands; they had velvet hats with wreaths round them, and rosettes in their shoes. From the court yard, which opened through the columns of a fine portico, bands of music were heard. Carriages, as in a stream, were approaching by this access through the double gates that separated the royal residence from the street. The company arriving by this access entered through the portico, and turned off to the right. I went to the left, through a vestibule leading to other rooms, into which none went but those having the entre. These consisted of cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, persons in chief employment about the court, and a few others, the privileged being in high esteem. Knights of the Garter appeared to have it, for I observed their insignium round the knees of several. There was the Lord Steward with his badge of office; the Lord Chamberlain with his; *gold stick* and *silver stick*. The foreign ambassadors and ministers wore their national costumes; the cabinet ministers, such as we see in old portraits, with bag and sword; the lord Chancellor, and other functionaries of the law, had black silk gowns, with full wigs; the bishops and dignitaries of the church, had aprons of black silk. The walls were covered with paintings. If these were historical, so were the rooms. As I looked through them, I thought of the scenes described by Doddington; of the Pelhams, the Bolingbrokes, the Hillsboroughs; of the anecdotes and personalities of the English court and cabinet in those days. The prince had not yet left his apartment. Half an hour went by, when Sir Robert Chester, master of ceremonies, said to me, that in a few minutes he would conduct me to the Prince. The Spanish Ambassador had gone in, and I was next in turn. When he came out, the master of ceremonies advanced with me to the door.

Opening it, he left me. I entered alone. The Prince was standing, with Lord Castlereagh by him. No one else was in the room. Holding in my hand the letter of credence, I approached as to a private gentleman, and said, in the common tone of conversation, that it was "from the President of the United States, appointing me their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of his Royal Highness, and that I had been directed by the President to say, that I could in no way better serve the United States, or gain his approbation, than by using all endeavors to strengthen and prolong the good understanding that happily subsists between the two countries."

The Prince took the letter and handed it to Lord Castlereagh. He then said, that he would "ever be ready on his part to act upon the sentiments I had expressed; that I might assure the President of this, for that he sincerely desired to keep up and improve the friendly relations subsisting between the two nations, which he regarded as so much to the advantage of both." I replied, that I would not fail to do so.

The purpose of the interview seeming to be accomplished I had supposed it would here end, and was about to withdraw, but the prince prolonged it. He congratulated me on my arrival. He inquired for the health of Mr Adams, and spoke of others who had preceded me in the mission, going back as far as the first, Mr Pinckney. Of him, and Mr King, his inquiries were minute. He made others which it gave me still more pleasure to answer.—He asked if I knew the ladies from my country, then in England, who had made such favorable impressions in their society, naming Mrs Patterson, since Marchioness of Wellesley, and her sisters, the Miss Catons, of Maryland. I replied that I did, and responded to his gratifying notice of these my fair countrywomen. A few more remarks on the climate of the two countries, closed the audience.

It would be out of place in me to pourtray the exterior qualities of this monarch. The commanding union of them has often been mentioned; he was in his fifty-sixth year; but in fine health, and maintaining the erect, ambitious carriage of early life. I will only say, that he made his audience of foreign ministers a pleasurable duty to them instead of a repulsive ceremony. The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Sicily and Naples, Count Ludolf, had his reception immediately after mine.

When the Prince came from his apartment, called, in the language of palaces, his Closet, into the entre rooms, I presented to him Mr John Adams Smith, as public secretary of the legation, and Mr Ogle Tayloe, as attached to it personally. Other special presentations took place; among them, that of the Prince of Hesse Homberg, by Lord Stewart both distinguished in the then recent battles of the continent. The Prince Regent moved about these rooms until he had addressed every body, all awaiting his salutation. Doors hitherto shut, now opened, when a new scene appeared. You behold in a gorgeous mass, the company that had turned off to the right. The opening of the doors was the signal for the commencement of the general levee. I remained with others to see it. All passed, one by one, before the Prince, each receiving a momentary salutation. To a few he addressed conversation, but briefly, as it stopped the line. All were in rich costume. Men of genius and science were there; the nobility were numerous, so were the military. There were from forty to fifty generals; perhaps as many admirals, with throngs of rank inferior. I remarked upon the number of wounded. Who is that, I asked, pallid but with a countenance so animated? "That's General Walker," I was told, "who was pierced with bayonets whilst leading on the assault at Badajos,"—and he, close by, tall but limping? "Colonel Ponsonby; he was left for dead at Waterloo; the cavalry, it was thought, had trampled upon him. Then came one of like port, but deprived of a leg.—As he moved slowly onward, the whisper went,—"That's Lord Anglesea." A fourth had been wounded at Seringapatam; a fifth at Talavera; some suffered in Egypt, some in America. There were those who had received scars on the deck with Nelson; others who carried them from the days of Howe. One, yes one, had fought at Saratoga. It was so that my inquiries were answered. "All had done their duty;" this was the favorite praise bestowed. They had earned a title to come before their sovereign, and read in his recognition, their country's approbation. The great number of wounded was accounted for by recollecting, that little more than two years had elapsed since the armies and fleets of Great Britain had been liberated from wars of extraordinary fierceness and duration in all parts of the globe. For so it is, other nations chiefly fight on or near their own territory—the English every where.

Taking the whole line, perhaps a thousand must have passed. Its current flowed through the entre rooms, got onward to the vestibule, and was finally dispersed in the great hall, where it stood in glittering groups and fragments. Those who composed them, found themselves there, by a course reverse to that of their entrance and went away through the grand portico, as their carriages came up.

From the New York Evening Post.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Some time in the early part of the late war, between the United States and Great Britain, as the frigate President, Commodore Rogers, was standing in for Block Island, between Gay Head and Montaug Point, under a full compliment of canvass, she espied a long, sharp, "clipper built" schooner with English colors, under the lee bow sailing towards her, bearing a set of signals which were not understood; the schooner was therefore pronounced to be an enemy's vessel.

The Commodore, however, by way of making a feint, ordered a flag run up, and hauled down again immediately. This had the effect intended; the schooner believing that his signal had been duly answered: and not willing to appear dull on the occasion, forthwith hauled down his signal and stood for the President, supposing her to be one of His B. M. frigates.

The President now hove too under English colors. The schooner came alongside, and was hailed. "What schooner is that?" "His M. schooner Highflier," was the answer. "Come on board, Sir, with your papers." "Ay, ay, Sir." The boat was now hoisted out, and a British Lieut. came alongside. He was piped over the gangway, and immediately ushered into the cabin where sat Com. Rogers, to whom he handed his instructions.—"Umph, so Sir, you are looking out for the American frigate President, Com. Rogers." "Where did you leave the squadron?" "Yesterday morning, off back Long Island, Sir." "How was Com. Hardy?" "He was very well, Sir." "Have you a sufficient description of the President to enable you to recognize her when you shall see her?"—"O yes, Sir, we cannot fail to know her immediately." "Well, Sir, without keeping you longer in suspense, I have the honor to inform you that you are now on board the U. S. ship President, and I am Com. Rogers!!"

Meantime all hands being piped to dinner, the officer of the deck ordered the boatswain's mate to invite the men who were in the boat to come up and partake with the crew.

The boatswain's mate accordingly looks over the side, and says—"Shipmates, come aboard and get some dinner"—"Shipmates eh," says a dry old fellow in the act of taking out his last hour's quid of tobacco, and looking up at the same time very quizzically at the President's jib—"I say Tom, do you twig that *split canvass jib?* Shiver my topmasts, but *Brother Jonathan* has diddled us this time, as sure as the devil's in Lunnun. But never mind, Tom, we'll go aboard and get some grub and see our new messmates—mayhap we shall find plenty of Yankee grog, with a dish of *long sweetenings*, and a comforting drop of old *Kentuck*.

[From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.]

Highly imprtant discovery for the use of the Army and Navy—for Firemen, and all others exposed to the wet. Mariner's pure India Rubber Clothing.

No discovery we have seen, among the many teeming from American ingenuity, is likely to produce so much personal comfort, as this patent invention of Mr Mariner.

We hav examined a coat and pantaloons made of cotton cloth, without a stich, except in the buttonholes, copletely covered in every part with the Caoutchouch, or India Rubber, so as to be wholly impervios to the wet, without being rendered heavy or clumsy. They are now at the office of this paper, No 56 Wall street, and can be examined by those who may wish to see them. There is also a pattern carebook, with nine different articles coated in the sammanner with the like material. They consist of leather, cotton, linen and woollen cloth, worsted and silk.

We would recommend to the examination of our firemen, these water tight garments, being assured that they stand the heat and cold without any sensible alteration.

Nor is it those exposed at fires and on sea only who are to reap the great advantage of this important discovey. Ladies and gentlemen's boots and shoes, and overgarments, may be made of any the materials above named, from the coarsest leather to the finest silk. In fine, from all we can see at present, it is altogether possible, if not probable, that the great desideratum of preventing catarrhs, colds, rheumatism—nay, even consumption itself, has been achieved by this plan of coating or covering any and every part of the human body with India Rubber.

Those who have worn the clumsy India Rubber overshoes will duly appreciate having the same effect produced by coating the leather with India Rubber, and giving them all the advantages of the overshoe, without adding anything to the weight of their common shoes.

These articles are perfectly pliable, and may be made into all sorts of wearing apparel and linings, chaise and carriage tops, curtains, aprons and cushions, baggage wagon covers, travelling bags, portmanteaus, knapsacks, tents, gun covers, awnings, shades, horse blankets, game bags, fishing wallets, cork and bottle covers, nurse's aprons, and into articles for every purpose requiring perfect protection from the wet or exclusion from the air—calf and sheep skins, suitable for boots, over-shoes, ladies' walking shoes, linings and inner soles. Also, water proof hats, gloves, mittens, sheets for hydrostatic beds, &c—air proof beds, pillows, cushions, swimming belts, life preservers, gas bags, &c.

In making up the India Rubber cloth, great care must be taken to avoid pin and needle holes, and to have as few seams as possible. No greasy or oily matter must be applied.

VARIETY.

AN ESTIMATE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL'S CHARACTER.—All eyes seem to be at this moment turned to the part which Sir Robert Peel is acting, and is about to act. The tories, judging from the undisguised language of some of their organs, seem to be ready to break out into open hostilities with him; while the whigs approach him in a tone of adulation, the motives and the expectations that give rise to which cannot be misunderstood. On the one hand the friends of ministers do not hesitate to give out that the right hon. baronet is on the eve of joining them; a report, which, on the other hand, many of the warmest of his friends and admirers are not less anxious as flatly and unequivocally to contradict. On which side the truth lies, we, of course, have no means of deciding; but this we know, that men of far more transcendent talents than Sir Robert Peel possesses, have ere now neutralized their consequence, and sunk into comparative littleness, by sacrificing to the love of power and place their character for political consistency and integrity. Though we have never been among the ardent admirers of Sir Robert Peel, we are not the less inclined to concede to him the full meed of reputation for the qualities which he really possesses. To the character of a Statesman in a large and comprehensive sense he has but few claims. His real merits consist in an unblemished, private character, great knowledge and expertness in the tactics of debate, and a business like knowledge of details which few public men of the present day have either had the opportunity or been at the pains to acquire. As a Home Secretary it is no great praise to say that he immeasurably surpassed his successor; while as a law reformer he was little more than the machine of others, with minds like his own, far from being in advance of the spirit of the age. Yet in the dearth of public talent into which the country has unhappily fallen, (for whatever there may have been in past times, there are no giants in these days,) we are free to confess that Sir Robert Peel is a man who is entitled to occupy no inconsiderable space in public estimation, and that the public are naturally interested in the course which he is likely to pursue.—*Morning Herald.*

MADAME MALIBRAN.—The London Spectator, giving an account of a Philharmonic Concert, at which much talent was united, thus speaks of Madame Malibran:

In such a concentration of talent, let us give precedence to that which ranks first and highest, by awarding it to Malibran. She has the most extraordinary musical grasp of any singer we ever heard. Pasta is great only on the stage—only in certain characters—only in the music of one school and one language. Malibran's range extends through all. She is as great in a concert room as a theatre; her power, her science, her enthusiasm, are as much displayed in the one sphere as the other. She is grave or gay, pathetic or humorous by turn, exciting our sympathies or moving our passions at will. She is of no school—or of all schools; and the extraordinary command of language which she possesses, has facilitated her acquaintance with the music of every country in Europe. Other singers are restricted in their knowledge to such compositions as happened to be conveyed into their vernacular tongue by means of translation; but to her the music of Italy, Germany and England, is all native. It would be difficult to say in which she most excels. She is the best singer of Handel and Mozart living, and with all the exuberancies of Rossini she sports most gracefully and at ease.

HIGH LIFE IN LONDON.—*Almack's.*—The balls of the present season have been the most brilliant noticed in this distinguished establishment for many years past. The Almack's balls (at their worst, better than any others, with the exception of those of Devonshire or Holderness House) require some reigning lion to raise them to their highest perfection—the first appearance of some Duchess of B——h, in all her bridal diamonds, or Marchioness of A——n, in all her bridal beauty, or a new Ambassador from Persia or Japan. The recent influx of foreign princes has had its due share in the triumph of the present season; and this singular *carrousel* of royal chevaliers, this congress of illustrious gallopers, has, to the King street Wednesdays, proved vastly "refreshing."—Highnesses, royal and serene, have in fact, been as plenty as blackberries; and the quadrilles of Almack's have benefitted materially by the foreign vivacity of their *pas de basques*. Count Sandor, however, as the marrying man—the Abercorn of Hungary—still maintains a degree of popularity superior to that acquired by personages who have only a left hand to offer to the acceptance of our fashionable belles.—*London paper.*

PUFFS ERRONEOUS.—A few days ago, Mr. Robert Montgomery, whose new poem is at present undergoing *cross*-examination, sent a note to a certain editor in the Strand to the following effect: "Dear Sir, I trust you will oblige me with a few *puffs* for my woman." The note was directed Mr. ——, Strand; and was delivered, through the ignorance of the Mercury, into the hands of a pastry cook of the same name in the same street. He also dealt in puffs, like (and yet not like) his name sake; but feeling at a loss as to the quantity required, and moreover, understanding that the said Mercury had no cash wherewith to pay, he at once indited the following reply.—"Mr. ——begs to thank Mr. R. Montgomery for his order, shall be happy to supply his *woman* with any number of puffs as soon as the money is sent." We are indebted for this whimsical anecdote to a correspondent who signs C. Literary Union, and who states that he has in his possession the *original* note of the bard.—*Leeds Mercury.*

The ladies have always some pretty little manufacture on hand; twenty years ago they were shoemakers—then came the era of book-binding; at present, authorship is the thing. To have contributed to an Annual or a Court Journal is no distinction at all. Even a volume of lyrical poems is thought hardly more of than an embroidered cushion, or a night cap was in the days of their great grandmothers. There are probably present at every drawing room of Queen Adelaides, half a score beauties, or *ci-devant* beauties, whose names have been blazoned on the title page of a three-tomed novel, or at least in the advertisements of its publisher; and, to crown all, we have a monthly magazine avowedly edited by a young and lovely member of one of our noble families.—*Quarterly Review.*

TRANSLATING.—When the patent was first taken out for distilling from the quartern loaf, by collecting the spirit which evaporates during baking, a baker, whose honesty or science (we don't know which) was less than his mother wit, stuck up in his window, "bread with the gin in it." Translating is in this respect not very unlike baking.—The world has been some six thousand years in discovering that a great part of the spirit necessarily escapes in the process, and that, of two rival methods, the one that professes to preserve the spirit most, runs the greater chance of being awkwardly and but half performed.—*Endinburgh Review.*

PROCRASTINATION.—Men spend their lives in anticipation; in determining to be vastly happy at some future period or other, *when they have time.* But the present time has one advantage over every other. It is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come. We may lay in a stock of pleasure, as we would a stock of wine; but if we defer tasting of them too long, we shall find that they are both soured by age. Let our happiness therefore be a modest mansion which we can inhabit while we have our health and vigor to enjoy it; not a fabric so vast and expensive, that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for a habitation than a tomb.

It has been well observed, that we should treat futurity as an aged friend, from whom we expect a rich legacy. Let us do nothing to forfeit his esteem, and treat him with respect, not with scrutiny. But let us not be too prodigal when we are old; otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those, who, when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire; and when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

WANTS OF THE AGES.—It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes, but prepares the unsatiated soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep, and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, or yelling it may be for the other. At three the young urchin becomes enamoured of sugar plumbs, apple pies and confectionary. At six his imagination runs upon kites, marbles and tops, and an abundance of play time. At ten the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go bird-nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen he wants a beard and a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty, he wishes to cut a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife; and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than spending it; about this time also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and capital wine and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands; to marry his daughters, set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.—*N. Y. Trav.*

PRINTING FOR THE USE OF THE BLIND.—The Edinburg Society of Arts have offered their gold medal, value twenty pounds, for the best communication on this interesting subject. There will, in the attainment of this object be great difficulties to overcome, but we believe they are not insurmountable, and we are sure that the resources of science and the ingenuity of art cannot be exerted for a nobler purpose. It is obvious the reading must be by touch, and the characters selected for the alphabet must be simple and yet sufficiently distinct, and they must stand out from the paper. The reading by the finger may seem very tedious; but it will not by any means be so laborious an operation as most persons would at the first blush imagine. The delicacy of touch acquired by the blind is so great that it would enable them to trace the letters with almost inconceivable rapidity, and, though they would not be able to read so fast as persons who can see, they would be able to do it sufficiently quick for every purpose of mental improvement. This would be the greatest step ever yet devised for their instruction and enjoyment, and it would in a most important sense, be giving "eyes to the blind."

RICE GLUE.—An elegant cement may be made from rice flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which afford much amusement and employment to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster or clay, models, busts, bas relievos, &c., may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of a high polish, and very durable.

THE HEADLESS.—There are now, therefore, four created things, of which this singular property of running without a head may be predicated, viz: insects, ducks, opera dancers, and steam omnibusses. Opera dancers, we believe, have not been mentioned before; and we do not mean to affirm it of every person so called. There is Taglioni, who has a mind; and Heberle, who has a soul; and we could add the names of some others whose faculties are not confined to their lower extremities. But we appeal to every one who has seen opera dancers in general, and witnessed their extraordinary dispassionateness of face during the liveliest movements of those extremities, whether it is not manifest that the upper parts of their bodies might be utterly laid aside without detriment to the motion, and the legs go on dancing as much as ever. It is a clear case to us. We are convinced that if some knight errant of old, such as used to sliver people in two like parsnips, could appear on our opera stage during a dance of figurants and make all their heads vanish from their bodies, the legs and their appurtenances would continue dancing, pirouetting, and presenting their toes to the side boxes, just as if nothing had happened to them.

THE WAY TO GET COOL.—A ludicrous mishap befel an unfortunate toper the other day, in the vicinity of Brandywine Bridge. The day being warm, and the gentleman having been also pretty warmly engaged with the bottle, felt inclined to sleep, and no softer bed presenting itself, lodged himself on the stone parapet of the arch which spans the mill race. In this luxurious position he remained for some time, exposed to the rays of a burning sun, and to the assaults of all the bottle flies in the vicinity. Sleeping as he was, he displayed no little restiveness under the annoyance of these insects, till at length one, more daring than the rest, attracted by the rubicund glories of his nose, made a settlement on that prominent point, and so worked upon the feelings of the sleeper, that, raising his arm, and aiming a desperate blow to annihilate his tormenter, the unlucky wight lost his equilibrium, and fell from the parapet some eight or ten feet into the water below. It is supposed that he awoke when he got to the bottom of the mill race, as he was seen to gather himself from the water as fast as possible, and making for home, as Major Jack Downing would say, full chisel; as cool, and apparently as sober, as a drowned rat.—*Del. Journal.*

MAKING THE BEST OF A MISTAKE.—The late Rev. Mr. Foster of Littleton, a man of ready wit, was in the habit of exchanging pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Newell, of Stow. He had preached for him but a few Sabbaths before, when he again accepted from him an invitation to exchange desks, and took with him through forgetfulness or inadvertency, the same discourse he had preached there last. He delivered it with his usual eloquence and solemnity, and with a deportment and manner that showed him confident of a rich meed of praise for so excellent a sermon; but his audience heard it with impatience because they had heard it before. After service, the good wife of his Rev. brother says to him, "Why Mr. Foster you preached this same discourse to us but a *few* weeks ago!" The old gentleman at that moment recollected he had, and knowing that he must make the best of his mistake, instantly replied, "Well if you do not mind it at this time, I will preach it to you again!"—*Barnstable Journal.*

RETALIATION.—Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H——, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others; his own family was generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night, he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Sometime after, she returned; finding the doors closed, she demanded admittance. "Who are you?" cried Mr. H.—"You know who I am; let me in, it is very cold." "Be gone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name; it is Mrs. H." "Begone! Mrs. H. is a very likely woman; She never keeps such late hours as this." Mrs. H. replied—"if you do not let me in I will drown myself in the well." "Do if you please," he replied. She at the same time taking up a log plunged it into the well, and retired to the side of the door. Mr. H. hearing the noise rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in and closed the door after her. Mr. H. almost naked, in turn demanded admittance. "You know who I am; let me in, or I shall freeze." "Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name; it is Mr. H." "Mr. H. is a very likely man; he dont keep such late hours." Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.

COUSINING.—A poor country minister lately arrived at Boston, Mass., and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home (as he declared his intention of remaining in the city but a day or two.) The husband of the lady, anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street, and had it put up there. Finally the "visit" became a "visitation," and the merchant after a lapse of eleven days, found that besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a "pretty considerable" bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him "when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill."

"Very good," said the stable keeper. "I understand you." Accordingly in a short time the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill of course was presented. "Oh," said the gentleman, "Mr. so-and-so, my relation will pay this." "Very good Sir," said the stable keeper, "please to get an order from Mr. ——; it will be the same as the money." The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to the Long Wharf, where the merchant kept. "Well," said he, "I am going now." "Are you," said the merchant, "well, good bye, Sir." "Well, about my horse, the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping." "Well, I suppose that's all right, Sir." "Yes—well—but—you know that I'm your wife's cousin." "Yes" said the merchant, "I know that you are, *but I'm d——d if your horse is.*"—*N. Y. Gazette.*

The Metropolitan Magazine introduces to us the following new character in the excellent story of "Peter Simple."

THE LYING CAPTAIN.

Captain Kearney certainly dealt in the marvellous to admiration, and really told his stories with such earnestness, that I actually believe that he thought he was telling the truth. Never was there such an instance of confirmed habit. Telling a story of a cutting out expedition, he said, "The French captain would have fallen by my hand, but just as I levelled my musket, a ball came and cut off the cock of the lock as clean as if it was done with a knife—a very remarkable instance," observed he.

"Not equal to what occurred in a ship I was in," replied the first lieutenant, "when the second lieutenant was grazed by a grape shot, which cut off one of his whiskers, and turning round his head to ascertain what was the matter, another grape shot came and took off the other. Now that's what I call a close shave."

"Yes" replied Captain Kearney, "very close indeed, if it were true; but you'll excuse me Mr Phillott, but you sometimes tell strange stories. I do not mind it myself, but the example is not good to any young relation here, Mr Simple."

"Captain Kearney," replied the first lieutenant, laughing very immoderately; "do you know what the pot called the kettle?"

"No, sir, I do not," retorted the captain, with offended dignity. "Mr Simple will you take a glass of wine?

I thought that this little brouillerie would have checked the captain; it did so, but only for a few minutes, when he again commenced. The first lieutenant observed that it would be necessary to let water into the ship every morning and pump it out, to avoid the smell of the bilge water. "There are worse smells than bilge water," replied the captain. "What do you think of a whole ship's company being nearly poisoned with otto of roses? Yet that occurred to me when in the Mediterranean. I mean off Smyrna, looking out for a French ship, that was to sail to France, with a pasha on board, as an ambassador. I knew she would be a good prize, and was looking sharp out, when one morning we discovered her on the lee bow. We made all sail, but she walked away from us, bearing gradually till we were both before the wind and at night lost sight of her. As I knew she was bound to Marseilles, I made all sail to fall in with her again. The wind was light and variable; but five days afterwards, as I laid in my cot, just before daylight, I smelt a very strong smell, blowing in at the weather port, which was open; and after snuffing at it three or four times, I knew it to be otto of roses. I sent for the officer of the watch and asked him if there was anything in sight. He replied that there was not; and I ordered him to sweep the horizon with his glass, and look well out to windward. As the wind freshened, the smell became more powerful. I ordered him to get the royal yards across, and have all ready to make sail, for I knew that the Turk must be near us. At daylight there he was, just three miles ahead in the wind's eye. But although he beat us going free, he was no match for us on a wind, and before noon we had possession of him and all his harem. By-the-by, I could tell you a good story about the ladies. She was a very valuable prize and among other things, she had a puncheon of otto of roses on board——"

"Whew!" cried the first lieutenant. "What a whole puncheon?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "a Turkish puncheon—not quite so large, perhaps, as ours, on board; their weights and measures are different. I took out most of the valuables into the brig I commanded—about 20,000 sequins—carpets—and among the rest, this cask of otto of roses, which we had smelt three miles off. We had it safe on board, when the mate of the hold, not slinging it properly, it fell to the spirit room with a run, and was stove to pieces. Never was such a scene; my first lieutenant and several men on deck fainted; and the men in the hold were brought up lifeless; it was some time before they were recovered. We let the water into the brig, and pumped it out, but nothing would take away the smell, which was so overpowering, that before I could get to Malta I had forty men on the sick list. When I arrived there I turned the mate out of the service for his carelessness. It was not until after having smoked the brig, and finding that of little use, after having sunk her for three weeks, that the smell was at all bearable; but even then, it never could be eradicated, and the admiral sent the brig home, and she was sold out of the service—they could do nothing with her at the dock yards. She was broke up, and bought by the people at Brighton and Tunbridge wells, who used her timbers for turning fancy articles, which, smelling as they did, so strong of otto of roses, proved very profitable.

TRUST IN GOD.—When you behold one of the choristers of heaven sitting upon a naked bush, amidst the darkness and desolation of winter, might you not address it in some such manner as the following? Sweet bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing; and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in this bush for a lodging, while the winds shall howl through it, and thy feathers shall be wet with the rain, or covered with the snow! How ought I to blush, who see before me such liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sitting warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop through a distrustful and unthankful dullness. Had I so little certainty of my support and shelter, how anxious and heartless should I be! How little disposed to make music for thee or for myself! Surely thou camest not hither without a Providence. God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me out of my sullen unbelief, who, under far more apparent means of maintenance and protection, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith, alas! alas! have not done for me, what mere instinct does for thee: and want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, than foresight of better things maketh me. Certainly, thy providence, O God, is not impaired by those superior powers thou hast given me; let not my greater helps hinder me from possessing a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee. I never knew an earthly father take care of his fowls and neglect his children; and I shall I suspect this of my Heavenly Father.—*Bishop Hall.*

CONSCIENCE. Had God been an unrighteous being himself, would he have given to this, the obviously superior faculty in man, so distinct and authoritative a voice on the side of righteousness?—Would he have so constructed the creatures of our species as to have planted in every breast a reclaiming witness against himself? Would he have thus inscribed on the tablet of every heart the sentence of his own condemnation, and is not this just as unlikely as that he should have inscribed it in written characters on the forehead of each individual? Would he so have fashioned the workmanship of his own hands; or, if a God of cruelty, injustice, and falsehood, would he have placed in the station of master and judge that faculty which, felt to be the highest in our nature, would prompt a generous and highminded revolt of all our sentiments against the being who formed us? From a God possessed of such characteristics, we should surely have expected a different moulded humanity; or, in other words, from the actual constitution of man, from the testimonies on the side of all righteousness, given by the vicegerent within the heart, do we infer the righteousness of the Sovereign who placed it there.—*Dr Chalmers.*

COMMUNICATION.

For the New England Galaxy.

SONG,—To E.

The sails are swelling to the wind
Our bark is now for sea:
And I must bid farewell, my kind,
My generous friend to thee.

But ere we part, yon brilliant gem,
That shines so bright afar;—
The brightest pearl in night's diadem,
We'll call "true friendship's star."

And when in other lands I roam,
Beneath a foreign sky,
My thoughts will turn to thee and home,
Oft as that star doth meet my eye.

Then will I humbly raise to Him,
A heartfelt prayer for thee,
That grief, thine eye, may never dim,
And thee from every ill be free.

B.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 24, 1833.

NOTICE.

☞ The public are respectfully informed that the whole present management of the New England Galaxy are composed of persons who, previously to August 13, 1833, had never any concern in the publication of the paper.

N. B. JOHN MASTERS is the only person duly authorized to transact business for this establishment.

Capt. Bazil Hall it is known, has published some fragments of Voyages and Travels, affording some notable examples of the art of book making. The fictions of his fancy under the name of Travels, from his voyage to the *Loo Choo Islands* down to the present day, have clothed his ideal existences in the similitude of truth—and after the manner of Mr. Puff, in the Critic, has insinuated gratuitous rivers into visionary countries, raised delightful orange groves where there was scarcely a tree, and embellished a barbarian nation with the charms of civilization.

From the simple circumstances of happening somewhat accidentally to accompany Sir Walter Scott on his journey to Portsmouth, previously to his embarkation for the Continent, he makes a book which he calls the most interesting of all his voyages and travels. He appears by his own account to have been as much a sycophant to Sir Walter in England, as he was rude in his manners to every body in America.

It appears that the poet has courteously declined the offered services of the traveller, to accompany him to Portsmouth; but as some doubt existed on the mind of Sir Walter, as to what kind of present it would be proper to make to the Captain of the frigate at the end of his voyage, he asked Capt. Hall's advice on the subject. The Capt., we find, soon again volunteered his offer to go with him. But he will best tell his own tale. Those portions which record the manners and conversation of Scott and do not concern Capt. Hall are sufficiently interesting.

"'Now,' said Sir Walter, in some perplexity, 'is this right? Is it usual in such cases? and, if so, what am I to give? It looks odd, I confess,' he added, 'but I wish to do all that is proper.'

"I of course informed him that such a thing was not only unusual and improper, but that the effect would inevitably be the very reverse of what was intended, and, so far from gratifying his host, would inevitably offend him. He looked mightily puzzled, and at last said,

"'But may I not give the Captain a copy of the Waverley Novels, for instance, with an autograph inscription?'

"I assured him he might do this with great propriety and safety, but repeated my advice to him to keep clear of all such presents as a pipe of Madeira, or a hogshead of sherry, which had been suggested to him. This communication appeared to relieve him so much, that, thinking *I might again be useful to him, I took advantage of the opportunity to repeat my offer to accompany him to Portsmouth.* * * * This he accordingly agreed to, and on Sunday morning, the 23rd of October, 1831, the party left town in as rainy, windy, and melancholy a day as ever was seen.

"In order to have all things ready for Sir Walter's reception, I hastened forward to Portsmouth in the Rocket coach, and having found the principal inn, the George, quite full, engaged rooms for him at the Fountain. * * *

"Next morning, Capt. Pigot waited on him, as he said, to receive orders, and to beg him to consider that every officer, man, and boy in the Barham, was solicitous, above all things, to render his passage agreeable. Sir Walter was much pleased with the frankness of these offers, but declared he knew nothing at all about a ship, and must trust to those of his friends who did. * * *

"The lieutenant Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, and the other local authorities, called upon him almost as if he had been a royal personage, to place at his disposal all the means in their power to render his stay at Portsmouth pleasant. The port Admiral, Sir Thomas Foley, waited on him to say, that his yacht, the Sylph, and the flag-ship's barge, were at his orders, should he or his family wish to sail about. The commissioner, also, Mr. Michael Seymour, offered his services, and begged to know if there was any thing in the dock yard which he wished to see.

"'I am so weak myself,' said Sir Walter, 'that I cannot hope to visit your establishment; but I believe some of my family are anxious to see an anchor made.'

"Nothing more passed, but next day a message was received to say that a large anchor was to be forged, if the ladies would name the hour.

"The Lords of the Admiralty happened to be at Portsmouth on a tour of inspection, and they too, waited upon Sir Walter to learn if any thing further could be done to meet his wishes. * * *

"I one day heard him mention how curious it was that two of our greatest novelists had gone abroad only to die—Fielding and Smollet. And the same evening he asked me to step over to Mr. Harrison the bookseller's to get for him Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon. 'That little book,' said he 'the last he wrote, is one of the most entertaining and wittiest of all Fielding's productions, though written during a period of great pain and sickness. Indeed,' he continued, 'I hardly know any more amusing book of travels than Fielding has contrived to compose out of a subject apparently so scanty and threadbare as a voyage down the Thames, through the Downs to St. Helen's Roads, and then across the Bay of Biscay.'

"One day, when the ladies were setting out to return the visit of Lady and the Miss Seymours in the dock-yard, he said, 'Some of you write my name on a card, and leave it with Sir Michael Seymour for me, as I cannot conveniently go so far. No—stay,' cried he, with one of his sly looks of good humor at his own ingenuity, 'give me the pen—I'll write it myself—the young ladies may wish to have it as an autograph.'

"Though Sir Walter walked but little, and with some difficulty, he appeared to have no objection to seeing company. The Fountain accordingly overflowed all day long. One day an old acquaintance of mine, a seaman of the name of Bailey, the Admiral's messenger, after much humming and hawing, and excuse-making, asked whether it were possible for him to get a sight of Sir Walter Scott, 'in order to hear him speak.' Nothing, I told him, was more easy; for when, as usual, he brought the letters from the post office, he had only to send up word to say that he wished to deliver them in person. Next morning, accordingly, the waiter said to me at the breakfast table, 'Bailey, Sir, says he must deliver Sir Walter's letters to him himself, and that you told him so.' Sir Walter looked towards me and laughed; but when the honest fellow's wishes were explained, he desired him to be sent up, and, shaking hands with him, said, 'I hope you are satisfied now you have heard me speak.'

"'I sent three men off yesterday, Sir,' said Bailey, 'to enter for the Barham—all because you are going in her.'

"'They'll at all events find a good ship and a good Captain, that I am very sure of,' replied Sir Walter.

"'That's something of a compliment certainly,' he continued, when the door was shut; "but I hold that the greatest honor yet which has been paid to my celebrity was by a fishmonger in London last week, who was applied to by the servant of the house in which I was living for some cod, I believe, for dinner; but it being rather late in the day, there was none left. On the servant's mentioning who it was wanted for, the fishmonger said that altered the matter, and that if a bit was to be had in London for love or money, it should be at my disposal. Accordingly, the man himself actually walked up with the fish all the way from Billingsgate to Sussex Place, in the Regent's Park. Now, if that is not substantial literary reputation, I know not what is!' * * *

"He said to me one morning, pointing to his MS. book, 'Do you keep a diary? I suppose, of course, you have kept one all your life?' I mentioned what my practice had been in that respect, and added something about the difficulty of writing any thing while engaged with the printer's devils.

"'Ay, ay; that's true,' he ejaculated, with a sigh—'too true. For I fear that a great part of my present illness has been brought on by too much working.' * * *

"'It occurs to me,' I observed, 'that people are apt to make too much fuss about the loss of fortune, which is one of the smallest of the greatevils of life, and ought to be among the most tolerable.'

"'Do you call it a small misfortune to be ruined in money matters?' he asked.

"It is not so painful, at all events, as the loss of friends.'

"'I grant that,' he said.

"'As the loss of character?'

"'True again.'

"'As the loss of health?'

"'Ay, there you have me,' he muttered to himself, in a tone so melancholy that I wished I had not spoken.

"'What is the loss of fortune to the loss of peace of mind?' I continued.

"'In short,' said he playfully, 'you will make it out that there is no harm in a man's being plunged over head and ears in a debt he cannot remove.'

"'Much depends, I think, on how it was incurred, and what efforts are made to redeem it—at last, if the sufferer be a right minded man.'

"I hope it does,' he said, cheerfully and firmly. * * *

"It may be interesting to persons engaged in literary pursuits to mention, that several years before the period of which I am now speaking, when Sir Walter Scott dined with me in Edinburgh, I took an opportunity of asking him how many hours a-day he could write for the press with effect.

"'I reckon,' he answered, 'five hours and a half a-day as very good work for the mind, when it is engaged in original composition. I can very seldom reach six hours; and I suspect that what is written after five or six hours, hard mental labor is not worth much.'

"I asked him how he divided these hours.

"'I try to get two or three of them before breakfast,' he said, 'and the remainder as soon after as may be, so as to leave the afternoon free to walk or ride, or read, or be idle.'

"This conversation, it is material to observe, took place in Edinburgh, before Sir Walter gave up his office as Clerk of Session, and his answer, I suspect, referred chiefly to those holiday portions of the year which he spent at Abbotsford when the court was not sitting. * * *

"I have even heard, that, latterly, with the same noble spirit, he sometimes actually worked for ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a day, instead of five or six! And from many expressions he let fall at Portsmouth, I am satisfied that he ascribed the demolition of his health mainly to this cause.

"I have already mentioned, that during the last three days of his detention at Portsmouth by contrary winds, Sir Walter rallied or plucked up, as it is called, amazingly; looked and talked with cheerfulness, cracked his jokes, and told his old stories, with almost as much brilliancy as I ever remember to have witnessed before. He began about that time also to speak of the voyage with interest, and his eye sparkled as in old times, when he mentioned the probability of his visiting the pyramids of Egypt, and perhaps Athens and Constantinople. * * *

"He himself was soon ready; but the rest of the party, who had trunks to pack, and other dispositions to make, necessarily took longer time. Meanwhile the author of Waverly sat in the drawing-room in the highest spirits I ever remember to have seen him—chatting with every one who came in about his voyage, the beauty of the day, and the kindness of the King, the Admiralty, the Admiral, the Captain of his ship, and, in short, he exclaimed, laughing, 'It is really quite ridiculous the fuss you are all making about one person.' Ever and anon, as any one came into the room to pick up things, he was sure to fire off some good humored scold about the sin of tardiness, and the proverbial length of time it took to get ladies under weigh, with their endless bonnets and band boxes. No one of us escaped, indeed, male or female. But there ran through all his observations such an air of humor and drollery, mixed occasionally with a slight dash of caustic sarcasm, in the funny style of his own dear Antiquary, that the resemblance was at times complete. * * *

"At a little after eleven in the forenoon he stepped into the barge at the Sally Port, and was rowed off to Spithead in a most beautiful morning. * * * The men, who seemed well aware of the honor done them, gave way together in such style, that their oars bent like bows, while Sir Walter pointed to the beauties of the Isle of Wight, looked long at Haslar Hospital, asked minutely about the pilotage round the different buoys on the shoals, and made us explain the distinction between the anchorages of St. Helen, Spithead, and the Mother Bank. Nothing escaped him, and it was really quite satisfactory to see our venerable friend, at the hour of parting, apparently so light hearted and contented.

"On reaching the Barham, we found, that although an accommodation ladder had been fitted, the officers, with the ready consideration of men of business, had slung an arm chair, that Sir Walter might have the option of walking up or being hoisted in. He preferred the chair as less fatiguing. * * *

"I shall not soon forget the great man's last look, while he held his friends successively by the hand, as he sat on the deck of the frigate, and wished us good-by, one after another, in a tone which shewed that he at least knew all hope was over!

"During the week, when I was in attendance upon Sir Walter Scott at Portsmouth, I had frequent opportunities of speaking to him about his different novels, a subject upon which I was glad to find he had no objection to converse. I mentioned to him one day, that I considered myself very fortunate in having become the possessor of his original manuscript of the Antiquary. His observation was very remarkable. 'I am glad of that, for it is the one I like best myself, and if you will let me have it for a few minutes, I shall be glad to write a word or two upon it to that effect.'

"I told him it was in town, but that I should write off for it express, and hoped to receive it in time.—Meanwhile, I asked him one or two questions about the Antiquary, and begged to know if it had cost much trouble in the composition.

"'None whatever,' was his reply; 'I wrote it "currente calamo" from beginning to end.'

"I asked him if he had ever actually witnessed or known of any scene resembling that of the baronet and his daughter going round the headland, and nearly being swept away by the tide coming in?

"'O no!' he said, rather impatiently, I thought, as if the whole were obviously imaginative.

"I next asked him if ever he had been present at such a scene as that in the hut of the fisherman, whose son is represented as lying dead in his coffin?

"'No,' he replied: 'not exactly as there described; not exactly in all respects. I have, however, been in cottages upon similar occasions.' * * *

"By the mail early next morning I received the precious MS., and having taken my station in the drawing room, an hour before the usual time of Sir Walter's appearance, in order to secure the fulfilment of his promise, I waited impatiently till he came in. I was delighted to see him looking hearty and cheerful, as if he had passed a good night; and as soon as he had taken his station at the writing desk, I placed the autograph manuscript of the Antiquary before him, and reminded him of his offer to state in it the reasons of his preference of that novel.

"He at once took the pen, and in the course of somewhat less than an hour, wrote the two pages of which an exact fac-simile will be found at the close of this volume. When he had finished, I said,

"'You would add great value to this writing, Sir Walter, if you would be so kind as to put your name to it.' He instantly wrote his signature.

"'The date also,' I added, 'would give it still further value.'

"'True,' he replied; 'I had forgotten that.' And, resuming his pen, he wrote, 'Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831.'

FOREIGN.—The foreign news of the week relates chiefly to the proceedings of the British Parliament. The confirmation of the capture of Don Miguel's fleet by the squadron of Don Pedro, which was reported last week by way of Gibraltar.

As the limits of a weekly publication will not allow us to give the early news of the week *in extenso*, we shall merely mention the prominent points which appear in the mass of intelligence in general terms. In Parliament the expectation that the ministry will be defeated in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Bill—the contest on which was to take effect on the 18th of July. Mr. Furgurson's notion respecting the conduct of Russia to Poland was lost, on the ground that if successful it would occasion a war with Russia. *Mr. Bulwer* for a somewhat similar reason withdrew a motion made on the 11th respecting Turkey and Russia.

The East India Company charter bill was in full discussion in the House of Commons. It will be disposed of without delay.

Some belief appeared to prevail as to a change of ministry, with the Speaker Charles Hamen Sutton, for the prime minister. Neither the Duke of Wellington nor Sir Robert Peel will come in, according to the authority of the Times. The Lords have rejected one of Lord Brougham's Law Reform Bills.

The vessels captured from the fleet of Don Miguel by Admiral Napier were the line of battle *Flag Ship* 74 guns, called the Don John, 750 men, the Dr. Rainha, 74 guns, 750 men, a large store ship, 50 guns, the Princess Real frigate, 50 guns, and Princess Real corvette. They were all carried safely into Lagos where they are to be refitted for the service of Donna Maria. Three brigs and a schooner escaped. Admiral Napier's squadron consisted of only three frigates which after a battle of an hour sustained a heavy loss; but the victory was as complete as the gallantry of the action was conspicuous.

A plot against the life of the Emperor Nicholas has been exposed in Russia—a part of the Polish exiles who left Paris recently had bound themselves by oath to effect his assassination. The sensation produced in Russia has been very great.

THEATRICAL. As we expect to see Mr and Miss Kemble again at the Tremont Theatre—we hope the dramatic world will look with eyes of judgment upon her performances and not be led away into the regions of wild enthusiasm. "In the torrent, tempest and whirlwind" of their admiration, let them acquire a temperance of expression that may give weight and value to their opinions. The critics in the Canadas are not quite so enthralled with her enchanting talents, that they cannot discover her obvious faults. The Quebec Gazette makes a fair judgment of her powers in an article on her first appearance as Bianca in Milman's tragedy of Fazio.

"Miss Kemble did justice to the author. Her person is small, and her features not theatrical. Perhaps she is most successful in representing the tenderness of the passions. In their excesses, her attitudes are sometimes faulty; there is, however, no rant; but clearly a good conception of what is natural, holding out the expectation of constant improvement, and ultimately of eminence. In descending to the common incidents of the stage, her manner and her voice once or twice wore some of the affectation of actresses infinitely inferior to her."

It is reported, upon uncontradicted authority, that Miss Fanny Kemble will shortly take leave of the Stage, previously to her being led to the hymeneal altar, by a young gentleman named Butler of Philadelphia. She will perform her range of characters in Boston, a few nights after the opening of the Tremont. She will soon after make an agreeable figure in the play of "Marriage, or the charms of Domestic Life.

The Tremont Theatre will present an entirely new appearance upon its opening for the season under the management of Mr Barry. It has undergone various alterations and improvements, on the stage and in the circles of boxes. They are to be painted in oil with gilt pannel work. A new and beautiful drop curtain is to be introduced with various other changes. The saloon is to be newly painted and the ceiling ornamented.

The *Little Warren* goes it on to "big figure"—it has been crowded every night this week. Pelby is a whole team, and when the Tremont opens we shall have fine sport, for Barry is'nt slow, I tell ye.—*Morning Post.*

Mr. Power, the Comedian, whose talents are rated so highly in the following paragraph from a London paper, arrived at New-York in the packet ship Europe together with Mr. Hackett.

Power, the actor, the best representative of Irish characters on the English stage, is about to visit the United States, to delight our transatlantic friends with his admirable representation of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Corporal Slash, and other Hibernian characters. He will sail from Liverpool for New York this week. Mr. Hackett, the clever representative of the Kentuckian, returns to his native country at the same time, having amused every one who has seen his picture of a backwoodsman, and we hope having lined his pockets tolerably well.

We perceive that Mr. H. Wallack has returned to New York, by the ship Ontario, from London.

Mr. Charles Young pronounces the statements which originally appeared in the Providence Subaltern, concerning his marriage with Mrs. Duff, "gross falsehoods," and says he is instituting suits for libel against the proprietors of the Subaltern, and one or two other papers.

LOWELL, Aug. 21—Noon.—[From our correspondent.]—I have just left Court, which is held in the Town House—the Police Court room being too small to accommodate the crowd that thronged it. There was one indictment against Barrett and Andrews, and another against Smith, Williamson, and *Gobble* Jones, which latter, having other engagements, concluded it was best not to stop, and cut stick accordingly, without taking counsel or asking leave of the Sheriff. The others presented themselves according to summons, and plead Not Guilty.

Postmaster Case, as complainant, called as his principal witnesses a number of gentlemen known to be favorably disposed towards the Theatre, of whom were Messrs. Robinson, Mann and Barnes, *lawyers retained by the accused.* They all refused to testify on the ground that it would criminate themselves. Judge Locke ruled that they ought to testify, and has given them until this afternoon to make up their minds.—In case of refusal he has promised to find them lodgings in Concord Jail. At this Robinson curls his lips and Mann looks unutterable things. Concord Jail! said Barnes with a sneer,—Judge Locke threatens me with Concord Jail! Let him come on.

You can form little idea of the excitement here. It is no longer a question of expediency, propriety, or morality. Mr. Case, the complainant, is a liberal Universalist—Post Master—and Editor of the Jackson paper. He cares nothing about the abstract question of right or wrong, but has a victory to gain, which he will move every power to accomplish. It has become a political party question, and no one can tell where or how it will terminate.—*Transcript.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The annual visitation of the Schools took place, agreeably to ancient usage, on Wednesday last—we understand much to the satisfaction of the School Committee and the gentlemen who accompanied them. The exercises in the English Grammar Schools indicated much proficiency in the pupils and good discipline in the instructors—The superior attainments of the boys in the High School and Latin School are mentioned in terms of high panegyric.

Eighteen pupils of the latter School had parts assigned them—in English Orations, various Discussions and Dissertations, Latin translations from English and English translations from the Greek and Latin. There was a public exhibition, and display of oratorical delivery.

The following are the names of those who received the Franklin medals.

Latin School—Charles H. A. Dall, Henry Williams, Jr, Francis S. Williams, Charles Hayward, Jr, John Bacon, Jr, Edward Tuckerman, Jr.

English High School—Charles Simonds, Andrew Jackson Loud, James Patton Boyd, William Barnard Coffin, Charles Augustus Babcock, Francis Ludovicus Reed.

Eliot School—Charles F. Russell, John Symes, Daniel Messinger, 3d, Alexander Ruthven, Albert Manning, Alpha Richardson.

Mayhew School—Benjamin Green Russell, Aaron B. Vannevar, Matthew Hawkes, Samuel F. Emmons, James M. Lincoln, Benjamin A. Sprague.

Franklin School—Thomas H. Austin, Franklin Field Andrew J. Gavett.

Boylston School—George Ball, Francis A. Hammatt, Charles H. E. Prentiss.

Adams School—James Kelt, Henry Kurtz, Charles J. Morrill.

Hawes School—South Boston—James Wright, Jr, Horatio Harris.

☞ Many persons suppose that a lighted cigar will not set fire to combustibles on which they may be accidentally thrown. This position though generally true is not without exception. On Monday evening there was an alarm of fire in Alden's Lane, occasioned by the end of a lighted cigar being cast out of a window upon some clothes on a shed, which set them burning. Other instances of a similar kind have occurred, arising from carelessness in throwing away pieces of lighted cigars. The smoking cigars in the streets, besides being a nuisance, is positively dangerous—and this law in the particular ought to be rigorously maintained.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

In Bell's Weekly Messenger of the 14th, we are sorry to find the death of that accomplished young nobleman, Lord Dover, announced. Lord Dover was warmly attached to literary pursuits; and was an author of some reputation; his last work was "Correspondence of Horace Walpole with Sir Horace Mann," published from the originals in the possession of Earl Waldgrave. He also wrote the "Life of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia."

Letters from Madrid state, that the Spanish Government have offered assistance to Miguel, upon condition of the Usurper granting a comprehensive amnesty, a constitutioual charter, and making a change in his Ministry. Such a charter as King Ferdinand would stipulate for, is not very likely, we should imagine, to be refused by Miguel.

Connected with these movements in Spain and Portugal, is that of a French army of observation, to be stationed in the Pyrenees, in oder, it is said, to counteract any measures which the Spanish Government may take in behalf of Miguel. Marshal Clausel is named as the commander of this force.

The *Messager de Chambres* states, that the Duchess de Berri was expected at Palermo at the latter end of last month. The Prince of Campo Fermio, the father of her husband, had prepared a magnificent palace for her reception; but no one could tell what had become of the Count, who had decamped without waiting to meet his bride.

At Villa Real the Pedroites found 30 pieces of cannon, and about £5000 in money.

A return has been made to Parliament, showing the immediate and perspective reductions which have been or are about to be made in our colonial expenditure. The total civil expenditures of all the colonies amounted, before the reductions, to £572,717, of which sum £134,331 is to be immediately reduced. and £90,283 as soon as existing interests expire, making a total reduction of £224,614, in an expenditure of less than six hundred thousand pounds. It will not be denied; that this is a vigorous and unflinching method of going to work.

According to the last English papers, the enormous quantity of 6,948,205 imperial gallons of proof spirits was consumed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the quarter ending the fifth of April, 1833.

It appears from official reports that from the first appearance of cholera at Calais on the 15th of March, 1832, to the first of January, 1833, 230,000 persons, military not included, were attacked, and the number of deaths was 95,000.—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

No attention has been excited here by the defeat of Lord Althorp on the Factory bill, which is considered as wholly unimportant, inasmuch as it involves no question of principle.

AFRICA. According to intelligence of the 10th ult from Tunis, the Bey intends to put his army upon a respectable footing. It is to be divided into two divisions, of 18,000 men each. Two regiments of lancers are now being raised, and will be complete in the course of the year. Each regiment is to consist of 800 men.

A private letter from the Island of Bourbon, dated 6th of March, states that during the last week of the preceding month, the Pointe des Galets was infested with such enormous swarms of grasshoppers, that 1200 negroes were employed for several days in destroying them. The quantity thus got rid of was estimated at 2000lb weight per day. The grasshoppers were of the species termed *malgaches* which is rare in Bourbon. They were, fortunately, so young as to be unable to fly, otherwise immense damage might have been done to the crops before their destruction could be accomplished.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott, with extracts from his letters and Diaries," is at length announced in the London papers. One of these, the Athenæum says—The Diaries are extensive, and the Letters numerous and important, including much that is interesting in Literature, and valuable in antiquarian lore.

LONDON, July 15. (Evening.) We understand from good authority, that the Duke of Palmella has received full powers from Don Pedro to place himself at the head of a regency at the Algarves, and that in that capacity he may be expected to make a formal application to the British and French Governments for the recognition of Donna Maria, as Queen, *de facto*, of Portugal. Indeed, some surprise has been caused by his not having done so already.

We are able to state that the French Government have warmly pressed the recognition of Donna Maria as Queen *de facto* of Portugal upon our Cabinet, and have again offered to concur in and support any measures which Earl Grey may be pleased to adopt. We may add also, that the news which the Portuguese Ambassador received yesterday, which was immediately communicated to Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, has already had an effect upon the mind of the individuals of the cabinet most opposed to intervention in favor of the legitimate Sovereign of Portugal.

Accounts from Madrid state that the landing of the Portuguese Constitutionalists in the Algarves produced great consternation in the Cabinet of Ferdinand.

Accounts from Algiers of the 24th ult state that some French engineers, who, engaged in the labors of the harvest, had discovered the bed of the canal constructed by the Romans for conveying water through the province of Mitidjea, which was capable of being repaired and applied to its original use at the very small expense of about 25,500f.

NAVAL EXPERIMENT.—Yesterday the Fly yacht proceeded down our river, with several naval officers and gentlemen, having a knowledge of sea affairs, to witness an experiment to prove the strength of boating-on property of a floating anchor, in the form of a strong canvass umbrella, the invention of R. H. Gower, Esq., of Nova Scotia House, in this town.—The floating anchor was opposed to the Fly yacht, possessing a mainsail, jib, and foresail, of 314 yards, and when put off from the wind, with the anchor in tow, 40 fathoms astern, she could scarcely make progress through the water, whereas, released from the anchor, she proceeded at the rate of four miles an hour. In short, we have much pleasure in stating that the parties were perfectly satisfied that the instrument will prove generally useful to shipping, and particularly to his Majesty's navy.—*Spectator and Chronicle, June 14.*

LORD LIVERPOOL'S ADMINISTRATION. Lord Liverpool was not a person to lose confidence so acquired. Splendor of genius was not his characteristic; but among his talents was that of assembling able men around him. His cabinet was already strong, when as we have seen, he enriched it with the names of Wellington and Peel, and Robinson and Huskisson; lastly with that of Canning, whom he brought into the Foreign office, vacant by the sudden demise of a powerful incumbent. These, though differing in important points among each other, and from the premier, remained in harmony under him as a leader.—Each was made efficient in his sphere, and the power of the whole augmented. If Lord Liverpool was not the ablest man of the body, he was essentially its head. With a sound judgment improved by public affairs, he was fitted for the business of a nation. What he did not take in by promptitude, he mastered by perseverance; not that he was deficient in the former, but that he paused on his first conclusions. Systematic and grave, educated in maxims which he conscientiously approved, however others may have dissented from them; courteous, yet inflexible; with a personal character eminently pure, and a high reputation for official probity, his influence, as it rested on practical qualities, went on to increase; so that, during the whole term of my residence, I never heard that a change of ministry was in serious contemplation.—*Rush's Narrative of a Residence in Lrndon.*

We have had two great men in our day,—they are both gone. There was, however, about Lord Byron a great deal more of the accidental than there was about Sir Walter Scott. Lord Byron's personal history gave a great impulse to his popularity, and made him to be very loudly talked about; but posterity will care not a rush for his undomestic domesticities, and they will not care two straws for the curl of his lip and they will heed not at all the clearness with which he nursed his own lordliness, and the contempt which he cast upon royalty. While Lord Byron lived he was in a passion with the world; fits of jamiableness, however are constantly breaking out, even as martyrs in the midst of their agonies have been known to laugh, and joke, and make sport. He was not full of contradictions, but he abounded in antagonisms, which the world calls contradictions; none so gloomy as he in Childe Harold, none so gracefully light as he in Don Juan;—none so desirous of the world's praise, none so careless of its censure;—none so unkind, none so kind;—he was all passion, and only to be rightly apprehended by one all philosophy. Socrates should have been his Boswell, and then the 'Life of Dr Johnson' would have been only a second-rate book. In a word, I know of no better topic for a philosophic critic than that he should endeavor to investigate the essence and accident of Lord Byron's genius.

THE BRIDGEWATER TREATISES. "Why, Kidd," said an old collegiate acquaintance, after reading the review in the Athenæum, "must have been asleep when he wrote his book." "Then," answered his friend, "he was Kidd-napping, and deserved punishment.—*London Athenæum.*

SHREWSBURY CLOCK. Ritson in one of his letters, speaking of Shrewsbury, says, "Lord Mansfield once asked the Mayor, if that were the clock (pointing to it) by which Sir John Falstaff fought his long hour; to which the venerable magistrate gravely replied he really did not know, as he had not the pleasure of being acquainted with the gentleman."—*Ibid.*

SYMPATHY OF INSECTS. When we came into the parlor of the inn at Fermoy, we found it black with flies. "Why do you not destroy these flies?" we inquired of the landlord. "Bless you," he replied, "that would only make the matter worse; whenever we kill one, all his acquaintances come to the funeral."—*Cary's Letters from Ireland.*

SYMPATHY. While the novel of Kenilworth was going through the press, a gentleman called on the printer, the late Mr Ballatine, to settle some business, and found him in an agony of sorrow. It was some time before the visitor could extract an answer from the worthy gentleman, but at length he said "For God's sake, leave me alone. I have been so deeply affected by the death of poor Amy Robsart that I can not attend to any business to-day."

THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS. "I will tell you a very good thing: Lord Baltimore will not come to the Admirality, because in the new commission they give Lord Vere Beauclerc the precedence to his and he has dispersed printed papers with precedents in his favor. A gentleman, I don't know who, the other night at Tom's Coffee-house, said, "It puts me in mind of Pendethman's petition in the Spectator, where he complains, that formerly he used to sit in second chair in Dioclesian, but now was reduced to the fifth flower-pot." There is another of old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. "Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell! last year she had laid a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, 'She must be blistered, or she will die.' She cried out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.' If she takes the same resolution now, I don't believe she will."—*Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann.*

A west countryman, who had lately occasion to provide himself with a pair of new shoes, took the measure of his own foot to a nicety, intending to send a boy to the shoemaker's, about three miles distant, to fetch him the shoes. Something, however, occurred to prevent the boy from going, and the man resolved to go himself. He accordingly set off for the cordwainer's, and was about half way on his road, when he suddenly stopt short, scratch'd his his head, and muttered to himself, "Confound it! I forgot the measure." Back he went accordingly to procure it, and then proceeded to his original desination, where he learned with astonishment from the man of awls, that his foot would answer better than the measure.—*Scotsman.*

A few nights since the Black Horse Tavern on the Pittsburgh and Greensburgh road, about four miles from the former place, was burned down, it is presumed, by accident. The loss is said to be about $[illegible]. On the subject of the occurrence the proprietor philosophically observed "I never liked the

an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper.—*Walpole.*

LESSON TO LAWYERS. An important trial took place in Edinburgh some years ago. The subject at issue was a property of considerable value in the northern parish, and the question on which the whole turned was the state of the intellect of the person who had disposed it. A great many witnesses were examined on either side, and amongst the rest a shrewd old man, a cattle-dealer, who was chiefly versant in the language he was in the daily habit of hearing.—Mr Jeffry. "I am given to understand that you have been long intimately acquainted with the late Mr Badenach, and I wish you to state to the Court what was the estimate you formed of his intellectual character." Witness. "I kent the man brawly, but never heard ony thing till his character. To be sure he seldom gaed to the kirk." Mr Jeffry. "It is not his moral character I wish to know about, but I do wish to know, and I insist on your stating, whether or not you consider the late Mr Badenach a gentleman of peculiarly quick parts or otherwise." Witness.—"What's your wull, Sir?" Mr Jeffry. "Did you think Mr Badenach compos mentis?" Witness.—"Compass mentus!" Mr Jeffry. "In other words, did you consider Mr Badenach's mental faculties to be on a par with those of the generality of other men, or otherwise?" Witness. "A man of faculties and otherwise!" Mr Jeffry. "Why, my Lord, I can make nothing of this witness." Mr Cockburn. "My Lord, my learned brother is himself in fault. I shall examine this witness myself. Wee'll, Saunders," said he, in a most familiar manner, at the same time handing the witness a snuff-box to give him a snuff, "has ye been ony thing lang acquainted wi' Badenach?" "Ever since he was the nicht o' my knee," was his ready reply. "Did ye think," says Mr Cockburn, giving the witness a significant look, "that there was ony thing intill the creature?" Witness.—"Troth no man, no that muckle, nae mair indeed than the spune strappet intill him." Mr Cockburn. "Could he have been trusted to sell cattle in the market?" Witness. "The body cou'dna hae been lippent wi' the sellin' o' a calf. Ony flesher's bairn might hae cheated him." Mr Cockburn. "The witness may retire, I have no more questions to put to him."

WALPOLIANA.

"The Duke of Argyle is dead—a death of how little moment—and of how much it would have been a year or two ago! It is provoking, if one must die, that one can't even die *apropos*!

"I own I cannot much felicitate any body that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards."

"In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality; you will scarce guess how Lord Brook shews his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly."

Sir Charles Wager always said, "that if a sea-fight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

☞ Eleven prisoners were advertised for having broke out of prison in Rensselear County on the 17th inst, who were confined for different crimes. Several of them have been retaken.

The following gentlemen have been elected to represent the Boston Young Men's Temperance Society in the Worcester Convention:—William F. Otis, John Codman, John A. Bolles, George S. Hilliard, Wm H. Richardson, John S. Williams, B. C. Bacon, A. S. March, M. H. Simpson, Edward Blake, H. P. Freeman, Joseph Jenkins, Jr, Samuel J. Beals, Seth Crosby, William Pierce.

It is announced in General Orders of the 20th inst, that Major General Capen, of the 1st Division has resigned and been honorably discharged. The command of the Division devolves on Brigadier General Tyler. It is said that Gen. Capen's engagements in Maine, causing his frequent absence from the State, is the cause of his resigning.—*Centinel.*

Judge Thatcher has rejected the testimony of an individual because he did not believe in the existence of a God.

MUNICIPAL COURT. Jacob H. Edwards was put on trial on an indictment for having in his possession, with intent to alter and pass as true, ten counterfeit bills on the Grand Bank of Marblehead. It appeared in evidence, that Constable Pierce had information that Edwards was in possession of a large amount of counterfeit bills, and found means to get him invited to his own house, where a purchaser might be found. Edwards came at the time appointed; a bargain was made in a few minutes for 160 five-dollar bills by paying 15 per cent on the amount. The pretended purchaser left the room to go up stairs to get the money to pay, and, on a concerted signal, Constables Pierce and Shute entered the room, when Edwards attempted to throw the bills into a closet. He was secured, and the bills collected up, sixty of which had been smoked, a process which gives them the appearance of having been much used. The Jury in a few minutes returned a verdict of guilty. The penalty of the law is imprisonment for life.

John Harris alias John J. Morrill, was also indicted for having in his possession ten counterfeit bills on the Grand Bank of Marblehead. The evidence against him was nearly the same as that against Edwards, only the house of Constable Shute was appointed to meet in, and the amount of bills was only $100, a part of which were on the United States Bank in Philadelphia. The purchaser told Harris the amount was so small it was no object to buy. Harris told him he should be able to supply him with several thousand dollars in a few weeks. The bargain being closed, Shute entered the room and arrested him. The jury found him guilty without leaving their seats.—*Mer Journal.*

A SIMPLE FACT. The amount of specie in the vaults of the U. S. Bank, on the 1st ult, was $10,098,-816 06—the amount in the vaults of *all* the State Banks in the Union, is estimated at $10,953,650.

The President of the United States has been recently waited on by a committee, delegated from the borough of Norfolk, Va, with an invitation to visit that place, which, owing to the state of his health, and the necessity of his immediate return to Washington, he was obliged to decline. It is expected that he will leave the Rip Raps on Friday.—*Phil. Chron.*

The Cholera continues to exist in various parts of Ohio. At Lebanon, several deaths occurred during the past week; at Chilicothe, several cases have appeared; at New Richmond, Ripley, and other places it has been rather severe.

An Elephant, said to be the largest ever seen in this country, has made his *entre* among the Philadelphians. The price asked for him is $6000, and he measures 35 feet 3 inches in length, and is 8 feet 9 inches high. He arrived in the brig Treaty, from Calcutta.

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.—The following just and eloquent description of the Bank of the United States is extracted from Mr. Justice Johnson's opinion, delivered in the case of Osborn vs. United States Bank.—(9 *Wheat. Rep.* 872.)

"The Bank of the United States is now identified with the Administration of the National Government. It is an immense machine, economically and beneficially applied to the fiscal transactions of the nation. Attempts have been made to dispense with it, and they have failed; serious and very weighty doubts have been abandoned; and it is now become the functionary that collects, the depository that holds, the vehicle that transports, the guard that protects, and the agent that distributes and pays away the millions that pass annually through the National Treasury; and all this, not only without expense to the Government, but after paying a large amount, furnish the only possible means of embodying the most ample security for so immense a charge."

The stage dresses of Kean, the tragic acter, were lately sold at Richmond, England, by auction, and the sale was "attended by an immense concourse of visitors from London." The dresses of the greatest of Shakspeare's personages,—those, for example, of Richard III., and Othello.—did not bring more than £5 10;—not so much as the cost of an ordinary suit for a London dandy of the present day.—*National Gaz.*

Mr. Matthews, Jr., son of the great Matthews, is said to be, like his father, "an inimitable mimic,"

nearly universal. His comedy, called "My Wife's Mother," has been signally successful.—*Ib.*

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.—The mechanics and other citizens of the town of Lowell have subscribed $650,75 to the Bunker Hill Monument. The Lowell Light Infantry Company have also subscribed $150 to the same patriotic purpose. An individual in Portland, has forwarded $1,34, "the amount of one day's work."

ACCIDENT.—The staging at the aqueduct of the canal, over the Mill River, in Northampton, gave way about 11 o'clock, on Monday morning, when the workmen were upon it. Mr. Geo Strong, of Northampton, Mr. Wells, of Wethersfield, Conn., and Mr. Loomis, of Southampton, fell among the rocks, from a distance of 30 feet. Mr. Strong lived but about two hours after the accident—the others are badly hurt.

INFAMOUS AFFAIR.—On Saturday in New York, Mr. Caleb S. Woodhull, and lady, in walking down Beekman street were met by a butcher's cart, driven along at a tremendous rate by a small boy, which came so nigh running over them, that one had to run on one side of the horse, and the other on the opposite, to escape the danger. Mr. Woodhull was so incensed at the conduct of the lad, that he jumped on the cart, and seizing him by the collar, gave him a good shaking. Upon their return home George Vandenburg, came up to him, and asking him if he was the person that shook his boy, without waiting for an answer, or at all heeding the lady that was hanging on his arm, gave him a blow on the side of his face which knocked him down, breaking his jaw bone by the blow. Mr. W. remains in a state of stupefaction, and is considered in a dangerous situation. The fellow has been arrested and held to bail in the sum of $1,000.

MANUFACTURE OF COTTON IN THE U. STATES.—We proceed according to our promise, to give further statements of the state of the cotton manufacture in the United States, in 1831, as collected by the Committee of the New York Convention. In our paper of Saturday last we showed that there were in twelve States of the Union, 795 cotton mills, with a capital of $40,714,984, manufacturing annually 77,751,316 lbs of cotton, or 214,882 bales of 361 86-100 lbs each.

No. of Spindles		1,246,903
No. of Looms		33,506
Pounds of Yarn sold		10,642,000
Yards of Cloth made		230,461,900
Pounds of Cloth		59,604,925
Males employed	18,539	
Females employed	38,927	
Hands employed		57,466
Pounds of starch used		1,641,253
Barrels of Flour for sizing		17,245
Cords of wood burnt		46,519
Tons of Coal burnt		24,420
Bushels of Charcoal burnt		9,205
Value of other articles consumed not enumerated		$599,223
Spindles then building		172,924
Gallons of oil consumed		300,338
Hand Weavers		4,760
Total dependants		117,626
Annual value of Cotton Manufactures		26,000,000
Aggregate or total amount of wages paid		10,294,914

—*N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser.*

THE WEST.—About forty-five years ago, "Red Stone Old Fort," the location of which is not very far from the centre of Pennsylvania, was called the "Back Woods," and the writer of this well remembers the departure of a respected family for that place, of whom leave was taken as of persons now proceeding to the Rocky Mountains. Next Ohio became "the west," then Indiana and Illinois, and the left bank of the Mississippi was the extreme "west."—But the "Father of Waters" was leaped at a bound, and what is now the state of Missouri became the west—then Boon's Lick, and where the city of Jefferson now stands; the west was next located on the Yellow Stone, some two thousand miles from the Mississippi, but has been removed over the Rocky Mountains, and will soon have its place at the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific Ocean. When that happens, "the west" will be no longer heard of. In the present journey to the west, pretty near three thousand miles are passed over in steamboats.—*Niles' Register.*

THE MISSOURI RIVER.—The St. Louis Republican states, that Mr. Brooks, in giving "the mileage of the principal rivers which pour their treasures into New Orleans, does not state the extent to which the Missouri is navigable by steam. This is deemed of some importance inasmuch as there is not, in general, an accurate knowledge on this subject." The American Fur Company have sent their steam boats *twenty-one hundred miles* above the mouth of the Missouri, and in high water, steamboats of light draft can ascend *two thousand six hundred miles*. The Mississippi is navigable by steam between *six or seven hundred miles* above St. Louis.

LITIGATION.—A Trenton journal, adverting to the termination of the late Quaker trial, and the return of the usual dullness of that pre-eminently dull town, observes—"Although in the general discussion of doctrines, principles and creeds, which the trial has elicited, some good or no good may spring; yet from the incessant rolling of eyes, along the outworks of the gallery and the continuous play of artillery from thence, we apprehend many a heart has been led into captivity; and we expect shortly to hear of numerous suits begun in this Court, being carried to that of Hymen; which may make this trial the parent of a thousand others."

A gang of counterfeiters have been taken in Canada, and lodged in Montreal jail. There are eleven of them, and among them was Dr. Boardman, the celebrated signer of bank notes, Mr. Moses, the accomplished engraver; three by the name of Wing, and two or three named Quins, all known as possessors of counterfeit money. They were all, or nearly all, taken in the town of Stanbridge, and with them about $150,000 in counterfeit bank notes, all complete for circulation. They had been engaged in the manufacture of spurious half dollars and half crowns, made smooth similar to a large portion of the currency of that country. Among them were the persons who passed the last batch of counterfeit city bank notes at Kusa Ville, Quebec, Montreal, Buffalo, and Whitehall, all about the same time.

A correspondent of the Boston Morning Post, soundly berates certain writers for their abuse of the language, and violation of etymology and syntax. He concludes his essay with the following assertion: "This phrase none but the *vulgarest* can adopt."—We may expect great things when such writers undertake to keep "the well of pure English undefiled."

"Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appears in writing or in *judging* ill;
Yet of the two, much greater's the offence,
To wrong our judgment, than mislead our sense

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Levi Thaxter of Lowell, to Elizabeth F. Lincoln.
In Cambridgeport, Wm H. Heashaw to Sarah H. Wetherbee.
In Quincy, Lemuel Dwelle of Augusta, Geo, to Lucy Marsh Vesie.
In Concord, Sampson Mason of this city, to Mary Church.
In Boxford, John Blodget of Roxbury, to Rebecca, daughter of Daniel Mitchell, Esq.
In Amesbury, John Caldwell, editor of the Evening Chronicle, to Mary Nason.
In Plymouth, Southworth Barnes to Lucy Burbank.
In Fall River, Jonathan Nooning to Mrs Abigail Hall.
In Ripley, Me, Daniel Radfield, aged 50, to Elizabeth Lowell, aged 17.
In Brooksville, Me, John Campbell, of Halifax, N S, to Temperance P. daughter of Major Thomas Stevens.
In Martin co, N C, Mrs Sally Manning, aged 61, to James Allford, aged 17.
In Carlinville, Il, Capt James Butman, of the U S Rifle Corps, to Charlotte R. P. Buttacks, late of Saugus, Mass.
At the Chapel of the British Factory, Macao, 10th March, by Rev Charles Wimberly, Thomas R. Colledge, Esq. of Hon Co's Medical Establishment, to Caroline Matilda, youngest daughter of John Shillaber, Esq, of Salem.

DEATHS.

In Brookline, Joshua Phippen; Miss Harriet Green, 66.
In Watertown, 16th inst, James B. son of Wm and Sibel C. Horn, 9 days; 21st, Sibel C. wife of Wm Horn, 45.
In Salem, Pickering Dodge, Esq, 55. He was universally esteemed, and the loss of such a man, in the midst of a career of enterprise and usefulness, is justly regarded as a public calamity.
In Lowell, Rachel L. Shepard, 21.
In Concord N. H. wife of Hon Nath'l G. Upham, a lady of great personal attractions and moral worth, formerly of Kennebunkport, Me.
In Cohasset, suddenly, Merriel, wife of the late Col Stillman Lincoln, and daughter of Capt Aaron Pratt.
In New Haven, Deacon Abner Kingman, formerly of this city.
In Providence, Cassander Brown, formerly of Worcester, Ms, 30.
In Deering, N. H. (where his parents were on a visit) Charles Frederick, only son of Charles Craft, of this city, 18 months.
In Ellsworth, Me, Rebecca P. daughter of John G. Deane, Esq, 13.
In Bowdoinham, Me, Mr Mustard, who had long kept a public house in Bowdoinham, of cholera morbus, after an illness of less than 24 hours.
In Windsor, Vt, Deborah, wife of Samuel Shuttleworth, Esq, 86, the only sister of the celebrated Fisher Ames, and the last surviving member of the family.
In North Stonington, Con, James York, 78. He was found in a spring, the water is which did not exceed 16 in in depth, at which he had doubtless attempted to satiate his thirst, when it is supposed he fell in by accident, or a fit, and was not discovered until he had been in this situation nearly an hour.
In New York, Luther E. Titcomb, Jr, Printer, a native of Newburyport, 23.
In Philadelphia, Elizabeth Aitkins, 65; her mother is now living at the advanced age of 116, walks about quite brisk, and performs light work with considerable facility.
In New Orleans, at the Poor House, Abraham Bogard, 118 years and 4 days. He never drank spirits, or was over sick, and retained his faculties until his death.

Tam O'Shanter.

THE Exhibition of the four Statues, by JAMES THOM, illustrative of this celebrated Poem, will continue open at Harding's Gallery in School street, for two months only. They are a comic group, the size of life, and executed without either model or drawing, in a solid block of hard Ayrshire rock, by a self-taught workman, professionally a Stone Cutter. They have been viewed with universal astonishment and admiration throughout England, Scotland and Ireland—their Exhibition has been equally successful in New York and hitherto in this city.

Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

Poem; with Critical Notices, &c 12 1-2 cents. Poem, with Landseer's Illustrations, 50 cents.

aug 17 3t

Canova's Statues.

THE EXHIBITION of CANOVA'S DANCER, his GRACES and other STATUES, at *CORINTHIAN HALL*, over Cunningham's Auction Room, will hereafter be open from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M.—from 3 P. M. to half past 6—and from half past 7 till 10 o'clock.

Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets, 50 cents.

july 27 tf

Athenæum Gallery.

THE Annual Exhibition of PICTURES at the Athenæum Gallery opened on Wednesday, 15th inst.

WILLIAM T. ANDREWS,
ISAAC P. DAVIS,
THOMAS W. WARD,
WILLIAM J. LORING,
JONATHAN MASON,
THOMAS G. CARY,
} Committee.

may 18 istf

A Card.

JOHN L. WHITE, respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has returned to the stand formerly kept by him in Union street, No 29, known as the

UNION-STREET HOUSE.

where a few boarders can be accommodated in pleasant sleeping chambers. The House has recently undergone a thorough repair. His Bar will be constantly stocked with the best of Liquors and every attention will be paid to his Guests.

J. L. W. hopes by constant personal attention to the establishment, to merit and receive a share of public patronage. tf aug 17

SAMUEL BIRD,

DRAPER and TAILOR,

NO. 40, CONGRESS STREET,

BOSTON.

aug 24 eply

For Sale

A FEW Reams of OUTSIDE QUIRES. Apply at this Office. aug 24

NEW BOOKS.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, have just published

STATUTES OF LIMITATION. No 2, Law Library.—Contents—Limitations of Actions; Real Actions and Actions relating to real property; What Estates and Persons within the Exception of Limitations; Of the Limitation of Suits in Courts of Equity; Personal Actions; On Pleading; Information in the nature of the Quo Warranto; Penal Actions; Actions against Justices of the Peace, the Hundred, &c, Miscellaneous Statutes.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE, and of the Low Countries; by the author of 'Highways and Byways,' &c. In 2 vols.

MEMOIR OF ZERAH COLBURN; written by himself.—Containing an account of the first discovery of his remarkable powers; with his peculiar methods of calculation.

FERGUS ON NATURE AND REVELATION. The Testimony of Nature and Revelation, to the Being, Perfections and Government of God. By the author of the History of the United States of America, in Lardner's Cyclopedia.

BAKEWELL'S PHILOSOPHY. Philosophical Conversations; in which are familiarly explained the causes of many daily occurring natural phenomena. By F. C. Bakewell. With notes and questions for review. By Ebenezer Bailey.

FIRST LESSONS IN ALGEBRA; being an easy introduction to that Science. Designed for the use of Academies and Common Schools. By Ebenezer Bailey.

PETER PARLEY'S METHOD OF TEACHING ARITHMETIC to Children; with numerous engravings aug 24

E. E. DYER,

NO 98 WASHINGTON STREET.

HAS on hand, and is constantly receiving from the manufacturers, additional supplies of the following articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail at as low prices as goods of the same quality can be purchased in the city.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS, viz:—Wrought-top India and American Carved Combs, some very rich, from 3 to 15 dollars each—wrought long round combs—India wro't side combs—plain combs from $1 to 6 each—plain quill-back combs—side combs, 1 to 1 1-2 inch teeth—plain round combs—plain neck combs—dressing and pocket combs, superior quality.

IVORY COMBS, viz:—Superfine, super-superfine, extra-superfine, ne plus ultra, and extra-wide combs—ivory dressing combs—pocket combs, double and single.

IMITATION SHELL COMBS, viz:—Carved-top combs—stamped and pressed do, of various patterns.

DRESSING AND POCKET COMBS, viz:—Horn dressing combs, English, French, and American—oval, swelled case, crescent, and common pocket combs.

FANCY ARTICLES—Bead Reticules, purses and necklaces, buckskin and fancy purses, ever-pointed silver pencil cases, lead-points, lead-pencils, silver thimbles, silver spectacles, plated and steel do, corset rings, snuff boxes, fancy boxes, wafers in boxes, ready-made pens in boxes, German shaving glasses, with drawers.

Pocket Books, &c viz: Wallet, double and single, with steel clasp and spring, note cases, memorandum books—pocket books and wallets, with plated clasps, calf, sheep-skin, and common gilt pocket books.

Brushes, &c viz:—Clothes, hair, tooth, comb and shaving brushes—shaving boxes, &c.

Beads, viz:—Black and fancy colored cut beads, black and fancy colored seed do, gilt and steel do.

Perfumery and Fancy Soaps, in all their variety.

Bear's Oil and Ward's Vegetable Oil for the Growth of the Hair.

Depilatory for removing superfluous Hair.

Vegetable Dye, for changing red or grey Hair to a beautiful brown or black. is6wost aug 24

Memoir of Sylvio Pellico,

AND Madame Dard's Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Medusa, and the Sufferings of the Picard Family; being No 3, for July 30, of Waldie's Select Circulating Library.

The Metropolitan, No 13 Contents—The Poor-laws continued—Song, after the French of Beranger—Twaddle on Tweedside—Greek Anthology, No 1—French Revolution. Published this day by LILLY, WAIT & CO 121 Washington street. aug 3

GEORGE W. CHASE,

HAIR CUTTER,

No. 9, TREMONT HOUSE

may 18 ☞ Gm

Illustrations of Political Economy.

NO. XI. French Wines and Politics—a tale. By H. Martineau. Just received by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street. jnne 29

The New Oblique Pens.

A FEW of these celebrated Pens, made upon a new principle, and altogether differently shaped from any other Metalic Pen—just received and for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street.

Edinburgh Review, No. 95,

JUST Published by LILLY, WAIT & CO.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. 1. John Hopkins's Notions of Political Economy. By the author of Conversations on Political Economy.

2. Illustrations of Political Economy. By Harriet Martineau.

II. Memoir and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, MD. FRS President of the Linnean Society. Edited by Lady Smith.

III. Answer of the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to an article in the Edinburgh Review for October, 1832.

IV. Journal of Voyages and Travels by the Rev. Daniel Tyerman, and George Bennet, Esq. deputed from the London Missionary Society, to visit their various stations in the South Sea Islands, China, India, &c. between the years 1821 and 1829. Compiled from the original documents by James Montgomery.

V. Jury Trial in Scotland, improved by being extended; a Letter to the Lord Chancellor. By a Member of the Scottish Bar.

VI. Faust: a Dramatic Poem by Goethe. Translated into English Prose, with remarks on former translations and notes. By the translator of Savigny's 'Of the Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence.'

VII. 1. Scheme for a Graduated Property Tax.

2. Suggestions for the relief of the Public Burdens.

VIII. 1. Treatise on Burning Instruments, containing the method of building large Polyzonal Lenses. By David Brewster, LLD. FRS.

2. Memoire sur un Nouveau Systeme d'Eclairage des Phares. Par M. A. Fresnel.

3. On the Construction of Polyzonal Lenses, and Mirrors of great magnitude, for lighthouses, and Burning Instruments; and on the formation of a great national burning apparatus. By David Brewster, LLD. FRS.

4. Saggio di Osservazioni, &c. or an Essay on the best means of Improving the Construction of Lighthouses: with an Appendix, which treats specially of their Illumination by Gas. By the Chevalier G. Aldini, Member of the Royal Institute of Science, Belles Lettres, and the Arts, at Milan.

5. Rapport contenant L'Exposition du Systeme adopte, par la Commission des Phares, pour eclairer les Cotes de France. Par M. de Rossel, Contre-Amiral Honoraire, et Membre de l'Institut.

6. Account of a New System of Illumination for Lighthouses. By David Brewster, LLD. FRS.

IX. 1. Artis Logicæ Rudimenta, with illustrative observations on each section.

2. Elements of Logic. By Richard Whately, DD. Principal of St Alban's Hall, and late fellow of Oriel College,

3. Introduction to Logic, from Dr. Whately's Elements of Logic. By the Rev. Samuel Hinds, M A. of Queen's College and Vice-Principal of St Alban's Hall, Oxford.

4. Outline of a New System of Logic, with a critical examination of Dr. Whately's 'Elements of Logic.' By George Bentham, Esq.

5. An Examination of some passages in Dr. Whately's Elements of Logic. By George Cornewall Lewis, Esq. Student of Christ Church,

6. A Treatise on Logic on the basis of Aldrich, with illustrative notes by the Rev. John Huyshe, M A. Brasenose College, Oxford.

7. Questions on Aldrich's Logic, with references to the most popular treatises.

8. Key to Questions on Aldrich's Logic.

9. Introduction to Logic.

10. Aristotle's Philosophy. (An Article in vol. iii, of the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, now publishing.) By the Rev. Renn Dickson Hampden, M A. late Fellow of the Oriel College, Oxford.

X. 1. The Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

2. The Saturday Magazine of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge.

3. Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

XI. 1. Ireland, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau.

2. Speech of the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, on the Bill for Suppressing Disturbances in Ireland.

3. Speech of the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, on the Bill for Suppressing disturbances in Ireland.

4. Speech of the Right Hon. Spring Rice, on the Repeal of the Union. june 29

Carter, Hendee & Co.

No 131 Washington street.

HAVE just published The Waverly Anecdotes, illustrative of the Incidents, Characters and Scenery, described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 2 vols.

"The work is beautifully printed on fine paper, and bound in purple embossed cambric. Few readers will hesitate to say that these volumes themselves are equal in interest to any of Scott's works, while they at the same time impart an additional value to them. No reader of Scott should be without the work, and every one who does possess it, will most certainly become his reader, if he never were before."—Morning Post and Statesman.

"It deserves a circulation commensurate with that of the Waverly Novels themselves. It throws much light upon many passages, which have not been fully explained even in the notes of the last edition of these unrivalled fictions." [illegible]

"It will be readily perceived what must be the interest of these volumes."—Mercantile Journal.

Mackenzie on the Eye. A practical Treatise on the Eye, by William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow, and one of the Surgeons to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. Reprinted from the London edition, under the superintendence of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

The Introductory Discourse and the Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, in Boston, August 1833, including a prize essay on Penmanship, published under the direction of the Board of Censors.

The District School as it Was, by one who went to it—Intended to be an aid to the improvements which is going on in respect to common schools, and also presents a pleasant picture of some peculiarities which have prevailed in our Country Schools. aug 3

Tremont Thomsonian INFIRMARY.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the friends of the Thomsonian System, and all who are suffering under diseases, and prefer being restored to health by the use of Vegetable Medicines, rather than have their constitutions ruined, and the remainder of their lives made miserable by the use of "Mineral Poisons," that he has a large and convenient house, situated at the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, occupied as an Infirmary, where he will be happy to attend upon all who may see proper to visit him.

The great success of the Thomsonian practice in this city, within a year past, while it has made hundreds of converts to the System, has called forth the abuse and persecution of the enemies of the System, and *some* of the Medical Faculty. All the subscriber asks is a fair and candid investigation of the System, and its effects, before a wholesale sweeping denunciation is made against it. By applying at the Infirmary, references and recommendations can be given, sufficient to satisfy the most timid and incredulous.

Persons from the country are informed, that the Infirmary is situated opposite the south eastern corner of the Common, *as several false directions have been given to enquirers by interested persons.*

A general assortment of Thomsonian Medicines constantly kept on hand, and put up for sale, with suitable directions. Also, Family Rights, or Dr Thomson's Narrative and New Guide to Health, and Dr Robinson's Lectures on the Thomsonian System, delivered at Cincinnati Ohio.

JOHN A. BROWN
Botanic Physician.

july 27

New Works.

LILLY, WAIT & CO. No. 121 Washington street, are agents, and have for sale the Library of the Medical Sciences. The Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery—a digest of medical literature. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Part I.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of Religion; with notes and illustrations by the editor of "Capt Rock's Memoirs."

Godolphin—a novel, in two volumes.

Misserimus. On a grave-stone in Worcester Cathedral is this emphatic inscription, "Misserimus"—with neither name nor date, comment nor text. "It is written with great power, and consequently read with ravenous avidity."

Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children. By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Rival Crusoes," &c.

Perils of the Sea;—being authentic narratives of remarkable and affecting disasters upon the deep.

The Aphorisms of Hippocrates; with a double translation. By James W. Underwood.

The French Drama—A selection of the best Comedies of Moliere, accompanied with explanatory notes and critical remarks—by A Gambert, 3 vols.

Markham's History of England—A history of England, from the first invasion by the Romans, to the end of the reign of George the Third, with cuts—4th edition, 2 vols.

Vol 8 Connecticut Reports—Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errors of the State of Connecticut—prepared and published in pursuance of a statute law of the state—by Thomas Day.

july 27

WILLIAM BROWN,

RESTORER AND POLISHER,

No. 6, Devonshire street, opposite the Exchange Coffee House, Boston.

RESTORES and Cleanses Gentlemen's Coats, Pantaloons, Ladies' Merino Shawls, Coats and Habits, Curtains, Cushions, &c. Military Dresses done in prime order.

Polishes Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in a style a little superior to the best of them. april 27

Pulmonary Balsam.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM. This truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for four years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, or Phthisic, Consumption, Whooping Cough and Pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects. The following new Certificates are offered for

PUBLIC EXAMINATION!

TO THE PUBLIC.

I, Daniel P. Brayman, of Richmondtown, R. I. felt it a duty to acquaint the public, that I have received the most unexpected relief in a severe complaint of the lungs, from the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. For three years previous to my trial of the Balsam, I had a severe pain in my breast, violent cough, frequent raising of blood attended with great prostration of strength. For the principal part of the above time, I was under the care of a skilful Physician in Boston, who employed beside many internal medicines, blistering, Seatons, &c. without any improvement in my case. Two months since I commenced with the Balsam, and have now taken two bottles! I am now able to labor most part of the time, have ceased to raise blood and am almost entirely relieved of my cough.

DANIEL P. BRAYMAN.

Boston, Feb. 21, 1832.

[From Dr. Samuel Morrill.]

To the proprietors of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

I am satisfied that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has been used in this place with complete success in an obstinate complaint of the lungs, attended with a severe cough, loss of voice, and the raising of much blood, which had previously resisted many approved prescriptions. After using the Balsam one week, the patient's voice returned, and he was enabled to speak audibly. This case occurred some time since, and the man is now engaged not only in active, but in laborious business.

Respectfully yours, &c.

SAMUEL MORRILL.

Concord, N. H. Jan. 30, 1832.

[From Apollos Stephens, Esq.]

I have been troubled more than twenty years with the Asthma, and have had recourse to a variety of medicines (Anderson's Cough Drops, Bateman's Drops, Welch Medicamentum, &c.) without experiencing much benefit. My complaint increased to such a degree that I despaired of relief, and had concluded to close my business; when, in 1830, I accidentally but fortunately obtained four bottles of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. I received them in October, at which time I was confined to the house. By the use of the said Balsam for one week, I was entirely relieved, and apparently restored to perfect health. In January last I had an attack of the Influenza, but was immediately cured by a few doses of the Balsam. I have been compelled to deal it out in small quantities to my neighbors for the influenza, which has been very prevalent this season, and it has in every instance relieved them. I do not feel easy that so large a portion of the human family should be deprived of an easy access to your valuable Balsam, and as I have been solicited by several physicians and many others to procure a quantity, I wish you to forward me one gross, on your usual terms, as early as possible. Yours, &c.

APOLLOS STEPHENS.

Copenhagen, Lewis Co. N. Y. Feb. 11, 1832.

Price 50 cents.

Sold wholesale by LOWE & REED, Nos. 24 & 26, Merchants Row, and by Druggists generally.

nov 17 e3dw

Quackery Exposed!!!

OR Remarks in favor of the Thomsonian System of Medicine, with Testimonies and Extracts from various writers.

Motto. "Must we go to Europe to import mineral poisons? Must the wealth of the country be sent abroad to bring amongst us the instruments of death? Must we pay with our substance and our lives, for aching bones and ruined constitutions? No! never! The remedies are here; they are spread over the plains and mountains in abundance, they surround every cottage and bloom round every cabin over the vast and trackless wilderness."—*Robinson.*

For sale at the Bookstore of JOHN MARSH, No 81 Washington street, and at the Tremont Thomsonian Infirmary, 105 Tremont street. Price 12 1-2 cents single, $1 per dozen. july 27

Croker's Boswell's Johnson.

THE Life of Samuel Johnson, LLD. including a Tour to the Hebrides, an account of his Studies, and numerous works in Chronological order; a series of his epistolary correspondence and conversation, with many eminent persons; and various original pieces, never before published. The whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for nearly half a century, during which he flourished. By James Boswell, Esq.—A new edition in 2 volumes with numerous additions and notes, by John Wilson Croker, LLD. F. R. S. This day published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. aug 3

Stocks! Stocks! Stocks!

COUNTRY TRADERS will find at KIMBALL'S Manufactory, 12, Washington street, the greatest assortment of middling and low priced Stocks to be found in this city. —ALSO—

Cravat Stiffners; Shirt Studs and Linen Collars, at low prices. april 14

Frankenstein,

OR, the Modern Prometheus—by Mary W Shelly. Author of the Last Man, Perkin Warbeck &c. in 2 vols.

"Vigorous, terrible, and with its interest sustained to the last, Frankenstein is certainly one of the most original works that ever proceeded from a female pen."—Literary Gazette.

The Romance of a child of genius.—Canning.

One of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and forever.—Moore's Life of Byron.

This work will be universally acceptable.—Atlas.

Perhaps there is no modern invention which has taken more thorough hold of the popular imagination than Frankenstein.—Spectator.

Received this day, and for sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121, Washington street. june 8

Waldie's Circulating Library,

NO. 19, containing Rambles of a Naturalist, by the late Dr. Godman. Just published by LILLY, WAIT & CO. may 25

Spring Assortment,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

PLAIN bow, plaited and drawn Silk, Satin, Velvet, Snakeskin and Bombazine Stocks, from $3 to $20 per dozen.

Silk, Cotton, India Rubber and Worsted Net and Web Suspenders, with double and single fronts, springs, rollers, and plain, from 50 cts to $18 per dozen.

Fine and common Linen Shirt Collars and Bosoms.

Fine and low price white and colored Linen and Cotton Shirts.

Linen and Cotton Drawers—Cravat Stiffners,

Super Horse Skin, Beaver, Silk and Linen Gloves,

Silk, Cotton, Linen and Worsted Hosiery,

Russia Riding Belts—Patent Stock Frames,

Stock and Suspender Buckles—Binding Skins,

Sewing Silk—Cotton and Floss Webbing,

Fine Alepines—Silk Velvets,

Addison & Co's Ever Pointed Pencil Cases, every price Pencil Leads—Cologne, Lavender and Florida Water,

Fine Scented Soaps, etc etc.

For sale at *KIMBALL'S* Stock and Suspender Manufactory, Linen Drapery, Hosiery and Glove Store, No. 12, Washington street, if april 27

The People's Magazine.

NO. 9. Price one dollar a year, is published this morning.

CONTENTS. The Arabian Camel—Conclusion of a Tour through the interior of Mexico—the Banana—Baboons—the Geneva—Waterton's account of the Sloth—Chick in the Egg—Animal Associations—the Happy Life—Marvellous Story—Varieties. LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121, Washington street. july 20

Elastic Frame Satin Stocks.

RICH plain and bow, plaited and plain, colored and black Satin Stocks, for sale at Kimball's 12 Washington street, Wholesale and Retail. july 20

John H. Copp,

NO. 20, STATE STREET,

HAS received and offers for sale, a complete assortment of SPRING GOODS, which he will make up to order as cheap as can be procured in the city, and in the most fashionable manner. His stock consists in part of extra superfine French and English Broadcloths, of Blue, Black, Olive, Brown, Polish and Drake neck Green, Adelaide, Purple, Russett Brown, Claret, W

MISCELLANIES.

[From the New York Traveller.]

MATTERS ABOUT TOWN.

"Nothing so difficult as a beginning;"
So Byron says, and so say we, and though
This shilting should be deem'd poetic sinning,
'Twill grieve us little as our caste is low.
It takes much spurring on our days of spinning,
Before our Pegasus begins to go.
And so, like other gentlemen of letters,
We now and then go borrowing from our betters.

But when the starting post is left behind us,
Our steed, at times, requires a partial strain;
For should we ride too fast, the dust would blind us;
Confound—but hush!—what boots it to complain;
The "Fathers of the town" would little mind us,
And so our only hope is in the rain.
Which if refused, to show our indignation
For dusting us, we'll *dust* the corporation.

How still the city is—the sky shines down
As smooth and speckless as a quaker's bonnet—
There's not a vapor curling from the town,
To hang a single rag of drap'ry on it;
'Tis just the very time for study brown,
To fall asleep, or to indite a sonnet;
We must confess the likeness though we weep,
For Scribblers sing that men may go to sleep.

Where,—where is Black Hawk, and his troop of heroes?
Rich in the splendor of their filthy baize
Who, were it colder than ten thousand zeroes,
Could keep the city in a daily blaze?
If not bamboozled by the ladies' "dear oh's,"
Or soften'd by the people's rude "huzzas!"
Gone off to help their countrymen again
To whet their hatchets for the next campaign.

And where's the serpent of Nahant?—alack!
He left the coasts of Mass' the other day,
With Doctor Scudder perched upon his back,
And fifty other gentlemen they say.
They cross'd the Franklin steamer in a crack;
We saw them speeding on their foamy way—
The Doctor look'd as usual very merry,
And seem'd delighted with his living wherry.

"But thereby hangs a tale." When we espied them
We heard the doctor blowing like a whale,
With masts, and spars, and nails, and more beside them,
To fix a tiller at the serpent's tail;
In vain the "varmint" now will strive to hide him.
For by the rate they flew before the gale,
They'll soon be here, that is, if Doctor Scudder
Has any skill in steering by the rudder.

In short, there's scarce a "monster" in the city;
The "lions" too, have ta'en them to their wings.
'Tis hard for any minstrel to be witty,
Without a smile to cheer him while he sings—
The ladies all who lately looked so pretty,
Are off in shoals to Saratoga Springs,
To drink the waters, just to aid digestion,
Or give their swains a chance to "*pop the question.*"

We would some fifty of these swains, or so,
Would send us wherewithal to bribe the muses;
Subscribe—subscribe ye dogs, before ye go,
He's only half a christian that refuses!
For he who wants our ANTIDOTE TO WOE,
May have it when and whereso'er he chooses—
A gentleman will send the "THREE" at most
He's *more*, who does the same—*and pays the post.*

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

EXTRACT FROM TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

That evening I got into a small scrape, by impressing three apprentices out of a Scotch brig, and if Mr Bang had not stood my friend I might have got into a very serious scrape. Thanks to him, the affair was soldered.

When on the eve of sailing, my excellent friends, Messrs Bang, Gelid, and Wagtail, determined, in consequence of letters which they had received from Jamaica, to return home in a beautiful armed brig that was to sail in a few days, laden with flour. I cannot well describe how much this moved me. Young and enthusiastic as I was, I had grappled myself with hooks of steel to Mr Bang; and now when he unexpectedly communicated his intention of leaving me, I felt more forlorn and deserted than I was willing to plead to.

"My dear boy," said he, "make my peace with N——. If urgent business had not pressed me, I would not have broken my promise to rejoin him; but I am imperiously called for in Jamaica, where I hope soon to see you." He continued with a slight tremor in his voice, which thrilled to my heart, as it vouched for the strength of his regard. "If ever I am where you may come, Tom, and you don't make *my* house *your* home, provided you have not a better of your own, I will never forgive you." He paused. "You young fellows sometimes spend faster than you should do, and quarterly bills are long of coming round. I have drawn for more money than I want. I wish you would let me be your banker for a hundred pounds, Tom."

I squeezed his hand. "No, no—many, many thanks, my dear sir—but I never outrun the constable. Good-by, God bless you. Farewell, Mr Wagtail—Mr Gelid, adieu." I tumbled into the boat and pulled on board.—The first thing I did was to send the wine and sea stock, a most exurberant assortment unquestionably, belonging to my Jamaica friends, ashore: but to my surprise the boat was sent back, with Mr Bang's card, on which was written in pencil. "Don't affront us, *Captain* Cringle." Thereupon I got the schooner under weigh, and no event worth narrating turned up until we anchored close to the post office at Crooked Island, two days after.

We found the Firebrand there, and the post-office mail boat, with her red flag and white horse in it, and I went on board the corvette to deliver my official letter, detailing the incidents of the cruise, and was most graciously received by my Captain.

There was a sail in sight when we anchored which at first we took for the Jamaica packet; it turned out to be the Tinker, friend Bang's flour-loaded brig; and by five in the evening our friends were all three once more restored to us, but, alas! so far as regarded two of them, only for a moment. Messrs Gelid and Wagtail had, on second thoughts, it seems, hauled their wind to lay in a stock of turtle at Crooked Island, and I went ashore with them, and assisted in the selection from the turtle crawls filled with beautiful clear water, and lots of fine lively fresh caught fish, the postmaster being the turtle-merchant.

"I say, Paul, happier in the fish way here than you were at Biggleswade—eh?" said Aaron.

After we completed our purchases, our friends went on board the corvette, and I was invited to meet them at dinner, where the aforesaid postmaster, a stout *conch*, with a square cut coatee and red cape and cuffs, was also a guest.

He must have had but a dull time of it, as there were no other white inhabitants, that I saw on the island besides himself; his wife having gone to Nassau, which he looked on as the prime city of the world, * * * * and, in truth, Crooked Island was a most desolate domicile for a lady; our friends the postmaster's family, and a few negroes employed in catching turtle, and making salt, and dresssing some scrubby cotton-trees, composing the whole population. In the evening the packet did arrive, however, and captain N—— received his orders.

"Captain N——, my boy," quoth Bang towards evening, "the best of friends must part—we must move—good night—we shall be off to-night—good-by"—and he held out his hand.

"Devil a bit," said N——; "Bang, you shall not go, neither you nor your friends.—You promised, in fact shipped with me for the cruise, and Lady —— has my word and honor that you shall be restored to her longing eye, sound and safe—so you must all remain, and send down the flour brig to say you are coming."

To make a long story short, Massa Aaron was boned, but his friends were obdurate, so we all weighed that night; the Tinker bearing up for Jamaica, we kept by the wind, steering for Gonaives in St Domingo.

The third day we were off Cape St Nicholas, and getting a slant of wind from the westward, we ran up the Bight of Leogane all that night, but towards morning it fell calm; we were close in under the highland, about two miles from the shore, and the night was the darkest I ever was out in any where. There were neither moon nor stars to be seen and the dark clouds settled down, until they appeared to rest upon our mast-heads, compressing, as it were, the hot steamy air down upon us until it became too dense for breathing. In the early part of the night it had rained in heavy showers now and then, and there were one or two faint flashes of lightning and some heavy peals of thunder, which rolled amongst the distant hills in loud shaking reverberations, which gradually became fainter and fainter, until they grumbled away in the distance in hoarse murmers, like the low notes of an organ in one of our old Cathedrals; but now there was neither rain nor wind—all nature seemed fearfully hushed; for where we lay, in the smooth *Bight*, there was no swell, not even a ripple on the glass-like sea; the sound of the shifting of a handspike, or the tread of the men, as they ran to haul on a rope, or the creaking of the rudder, sounded loud and distinct. The sea in our neighborhood was strongly phosphorescent, so that the smallest chip thrown overboard struck fire from the water, as if it had been a piece of iron cast on flint; and when you looked over the quarter, as I delight to do, and tried to penetrate into the dark clear profound beneath, you every now and then saw a burst of pale light, like a halo far down in the depths of the green sea, caused by the motion of some fish, or of what Jack, no great natural philosopher, usually calls *blubbers*; and when the dolphin or skip-jack leapt into the air, they sparkled out from the still bosom of the deep, dark water like rockets, until they fell again into their element in a flash of fire. This evening the corvette had shewed no lights, and although I conjectured she was not far from us, still I could not with any certainty indicate her whereabouts. It might now be about three o'clock, and I was standing on the aftermost gun on the starboard side, peering into the impervious darkness over the tafferal, with my dear old dog Sneezer by my side, nuzzling and fondling after his affectionate fashion, while the pilot Peter Mangrove, stood within handspike length of me. The dog had been growling, but all in fun, and snapping at me, when in a moment he hauled off, planted his paws on the rail, looked forth into the night, and gave a short anxious bark, like the solitary pop of the sentry's musket, to alarm the mainguard in outpost work.

Peter Mangrove advanced, and put his arm round the dog's neck. "What you see, my shild?" said the black pilot.

Sneezer uplifted his voice, and gave a long continuous bark.

"Ah!" said Mangrove sharply, "Massa Captain, something near we—never doubt dat—de dog yeerie someting we cant yeerie, and see someting we can't see."

I had lived long enough never to despise any caution from what quarter soever it proceeded. So I listened still as a stone. Presently I thought I heard the distant splash of oars. I placed my hand behind my ear, and listened with breathless attention. Presently I saw the sparkling dip of them in the calm black water, as if a boat, and a large one, was pulling very fast towards us. "Look out—hail that boat," said I. "Boat ahoy," sung out the man. No answer. "Coming here?" reiterated the seaman. No better success.—The boat or canoe, or whatever it might be, was by this time close aboard of us, within pistol-shot at the farthest—no time to be lost, so I hailed myself, and this time the challenge did produce an answer.

"*Sore boat—fruit and wegitab.*"

"Shore boat, with fruit and vegetables, at this time of night—I don't like it," said I.—"Boatswain's mate, call the boarders. Cutlasses, men—quick, a piratical row-boat is close to." And verily we had little time to lose, when a large canoe or row-boat, pulling twelve oars at the fewest, and carrying twenty firemen, or thereabouts, swept upon our larboard quarter, hooked on, and the next moment upwards of twenty unlooked for visitors scrambled up our shallow side, and jumped on board.

All this took place so suddenly that there were but ten of my people ready to receive them, but those ten were the prime men of the ship. "Surrender, you scoundrels—surrender. You have boarded a man-of-war. Down with your arms, or we shall murder you to a man."

But they either did not understand me, or did not believe me, for the answer was a blow from a cutlass, which, if I had not parried with my night glass, which it broke in pieces, might have effectually stopped my promotion. "Cut them down, boarders, down with them—they are pirates," shouted I; "heave cold shot into their boat alongside—all hands, boatswain's mate—call all hands." We closed. The assailants had no firearms, but they were armed with swords and long knives, and as they fought with desperation several of our people were cruelly haggled; and after the first charge, the combatants on both sides became so blended, that it was impossible to strike a blow, without running the risk of cutting down a friend. By this time all hands were on deck; the boat alongside had been swamped by the cold shot that had been hove crashing through her bottom, when down came a shower from the surcharged clouds, or waterspout—call it which you will—that absolutely deluged the decks, the scuppers being utterly unable to carry off the water.—So long as the pirates fought in a body, I had no fears, as, dark as it was, our men, who held together, knew where to strike and thrust; but when the torrent of rain descended in buckets-full, the former broke away, and were pursued singly into various corners about the deck, all escape being cut off from the swamping of their boat. Still they were not vanquished, and I ran aft to the binnacle, where a blue light was stowed away,—one of several that we had got on deck to burn that night, in order to point out our whereabouts to the Firebrand. I fired it, and rusling forward cutlass-in-hand, we set on the gang of black desperadoes with such fury, that after killing two of them outright, and wounding and taking prisoners seven, we drove the rest overboard into the sea, where the small-armed men, who by this time had tackled to their muskets, made short work of them, guided as they were by the sparkling of the dark water, as they struck out and swam for their lives.—The blue light was immediately answered by another from the corvette, which lay about a mile off; but before her boats, two of which were immediately armed and manned, could reach us, we had defeated our antagonists, and the rain had increased to such a degree, that the heavy drops, as they fell with a strong rushing noise into the sea, flashed it up into one entire sheet of fire.

We secured our prisoners, all blacks and mulattoes, the most villanous-looking scoundrels I had ever seen, and presently it came on to thunder an lighten, as if heaven and earth had been falling together. A most vivid flash—it almost blinded me. Presently the Firebrand burnt another blue light, whereby we saw that her maintopmast was gone close by the cap, with the topsail, and upper spars, and yards, and gear, all hanging down in a lumbering mass of confused wreck; she had been struck by the levin brand, which had killed four men, and stunned several more. By this time the cold grey streaks of morning appeared in the eastern horizon, and presently the day broke, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, both corvette and schooner were at anchor at Gonaives. The village, for town it could not be called, stood on a low hot plain as if the washing of the mountains on the left hand side as we stood in had been carried out into the sea, and formed into a white plateau of sand; all was hot, and stunted, and scrubby. We brought up inside of the corvette, in three fathoms of water. My superior officer had made the private signal to come on board and dine, which, in the assured intimacy in which we were now linked, could not on any plea be declined. I dressed and the boat was lowered down, and we pulled for the corvette, but our course lay under the stern of the two English ships that were lying there loading cargoes of coffee.

Some years ago, when the famous Dr. Leib was figuring in political life, when prejudices were strong, and party feeling ran high, application was made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania to incorporate a "Life Insurance Company" for the term of fifty years. A zealous member rose and addressed Mr Speaker with, "Sir, I don't like this bill, and shan't vote for it. The petitioners have asked to be incorporated to insure lives for fifty years, and what will be the consequences of granting their prayer; why, the first thing you'll know that Dr Leib will get his life insured for the whole time, and we shall have him tormenting us for half a century to come."—*N. E. Review.*

A tar, half seas over swaggering into an auction room and hearing the auctioneer bawling out two or three times, "Who bids more than nine pence half penny?" asked, "May we bid what we please?" "O yes," replied the seller, any "thing you please, sir." "Why then,', said Jack, "I *bid* you a good night, and be hanged to you."

VERY LIKE. 'What letter is that?' vociferated an important pedagogue to a pupil who had not yet become versed in the Roman alphabet, pointing to the letter X. The urchin scratched his head in a decided quandary, looking intently on the diagram; unable to call it by name, and fearing the weapon of him, 'clothed in brief authority,' should he give it an improper designation. 'Come, sir, what is it? speak quick?' again demanded the pedagogue. 'I b'lieve,' whimpered the boy, in a tone of terror, 'I b'lieve, it's a *saw-horse*, only you cant see both sides.'—*Exeter News Letter.*

A GOOD ONE. "Mister, (said a Johnny Raw, from New Jersey, who lately visited the office of the Eastern Argus,) don't folks pay for the paper without dunen? I guess if I was Printer, I'd tickle 'em with an oat straw! Why father takes a paper, and I've heard him tell mother, he'd just about as lief cheat the Parson as the Printer."

PRIVATEERING. Mr. Finn, being at a tea table where one lady made the following remark to another, "I have something for your *private ear*," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against *private-earing*."

A Lady once asked a minister if she might pay attention to dress and fashion without being proud. "Madam," replied the minister "whenever you see the tail of a fox out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there also!"

THE VALUE OF MARRIED MEN. "A little more animation my dear," whispered lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, Mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

IRISH ASSIGNMENT. An Irish Milkman was brought up to take the benefit of the Lord's Act. He was suspected of concealing his property, having given no schedule, though he was known at a not very distant period to have possessed some. He was asked by the counsel who opposed him, whether he had not some property which he had omitted to insert in his schedule? "The devil a bit of property," says he, "have I at all at all." Why what's become of your furniture and yonr cows? Cows you were known to have, as you sold milk." "Yes, I had," says he, "but I have none now." "Why what have you done with them?" "I have sign'd away every thing that I had." "How have you assigned them?" *I have made my will*, and given them all away." "*What, are you a dead man?*" said the judge. "No please your honor," says Pat "but I soon *will* be if you take away every thing I have to live on from me." He refused to make any assignment or schedule, and was remanded.

"Morning its sweets is flinging."

There is no greater proof of our progress in refinement than the modern style of giving children three or four romantic names. We were quite amused one morning last week, while passing through a street in the southerly part of Boston, by the voice of a mother to her child—"*Julia Maria Matilda Chubbuck*," said she, "come out of that are dog kennel, you filthy little varment, or I'll break your neck."

The editor of the Middlesex Gazette states that his type setters are all *girls*. The Connecticut Herald apprehends that they will eventually get possession of the whole establishment, *editor and all.*

DEFINITION OF A MEAN MAN. One who is always ready to subscribe for a newspaper, without the least intention of ever paying for it; or, in other words, one who orders his papers sent to a certain office, and after receiving half the volume, refuses to take any more from it, notifying the editor of the fact. A character of this kind, (and many there be,) we unhesitatingly pronounce ☞ *A mean man.—Camden Journal.*

ELECTIONEERING AT THE WEST. The following is a copy of an electioneering handbill published by one Mr James H. Wood of Indiana:

To the Electors of Switzerland County.

Fellow Citizens:—"Where you see the old hen scratch, there you'll find a bug."—You have my permission to elect me your honorable Representative in the next Legislature, and you who have a knowledge of my splendid qualifications know that you cannot do better than send me to Indianapolis.

Although my complexion is not the fairest, as I work much in the sun, I assure you my brothers and *sisters* are all white and free born; and you well know that I possess all the constitutional qualifications of age, *residence* and size.

A GOOD UN. At one of the fashionable hotels in Boston, lately, a guest from the Granite State, who had sat down by a gentleman (for the nonce) named Smith, deliberately made application to Mr Smith's bottle of wine. The waiter checked him by telling him it was private property. Shortly after a pie came into the same vicinity, when the guest very innocently asked; "Is that Mr Smith's pie."

"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thy eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed thy transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone, which I ought to have done? Begin this from the first act, and proceed, and in conclusion at the ill which thou hast done be troubled and rejoice for the good."

Fools often succeed in this every day world; but the higher an ape climbs the more he shows his tail.—*Morning Post.*

THE REAL MAJOR JACK DOWNING.—There is about as eager a curiosity to know the name of the author of the genuine letters of Major Jack Downing, as there used to be about the letters of Junius. They have generally been believed to be from the pen of Seba Smith, Esq the talented Editor of the Portland Courier; but we have always suspected that John Holmes, formerly a Senator in Congress from Maine, knew the most about their authorship. We have recently been informed that he has acknowledged them to a Member of Congress from Rhode Island.—*N. E. Review.*

NAVAL ANECDOTE. When Com Decatur arrived at Gibraltar in the summer of 1816, on his way to Algiers, a great number of British officers, and among them an American gentleman, were assembled on an eminence to view the American fleet. Decatur sailed into the harbor with his squadron in very handsome style and passed out again without coming to anchor, his object being merely to make signals to the sloop of war Ontario. The English officers were very desirous of knowing the different names of the vessels, as they approached, and as the shrewd Yankee pretended to know every ship the moment he saw her broadside, they crowded around him eagerly for information. The first frigate, he said, was the Gurriere; the second the Macedonian; the third the Java; the next the Peacock; and the next. "Oh —— the next," they exclaimed with indignation, and immediately moved off, highly disgusted with the reminiscences brought to their minds by the names of the Yankee squadron.—*Atlas.*

TO RIPEN CLARET. Here may be hinted a mode of ripening claret even in bottle, which may be practised without injury to the health. The process is to operate on wine only a year in bottle. Draw the corks, and pour about a glass full out of each, recorking them tightly—then place the wine, thus drawn in an oven, suffering it at the end of an hour or two, to cool gradually. Draw the corks again and fill up the bottles, which must be carefully replaced in the cellar, and in a day or two the wine will have every appearance of being ten years old.—*New Book of Economy.*

Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash.

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth and Cleaning the Mouth.

THE Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash effectually cleanses the Teeth, and will answer the purposes of the best dentifrice. It contains no acid or any ingredient which can in any case be injurious. It will also be found to keep the brush itself free from all impurities.

It has the further advantage of cleansing the mouth also; and of removing whatever is offensive in the breath. It hardens the gums, and is a valuable remedy for canker or soreness of the mouth. In fine it preserves the teeth and mouth in all respects in a clean and healthy condition. It is agreeable to the taste. Gentlemen who are in the habit of using tobacco, will find that the tooth wash will speedily remove all the effects of it from the mouth.

From Benjamin Silliman, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Yale College.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I return you my thanks for the bottles of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash which I have received, and which I cannot doubt will prove beneficial, as the ingredients named by you, and confirmed by Mr. Hayes, are all salutary in regard to the object in view.

I will use the preparation at your request, and should I see any cause to dissent, I will write to you on the subject.

I remain, gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
B. SILLIMAN.

New-Haven, Conn. March 23, 1832.

From J. W. Webster, M. D., Erving Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

Harvard University, Cambridge, March 14, 1831. I have examined the 'Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash,' received from you, and have no hesitation in stating my belief that it will answer the purpose for which you have compounded it. I have discovered in it no ingredient which can prove injurious to the teeth.

Yours, &c. J. W. WEBSTER.

From A. Rea, M. D.

Portland, Me. Nov. 7, 1831.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—I received a bottle of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash from you, for which I am much obliged to you. I believe it to be a valuable article. I have used it with very happy effect for cleansing the teeth and hardening the gums. Yours, &c. A. REA.

From Sylvanus Plympton, M. D.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Gentlemen, I have frequently administered your Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash in various affections of the mouth and throat; such as Aptha, attendant on Scarlatina and Choiera Infantum, Ptyalism, (mercurial sore mouth,) &c. and relief has been immediate and permanent. In a neuralgic affection of the face and head, (tic doloreaux) arising from a depraved state of the gums and defective teeth, which had resisted many powerful approved medicines, this Wash acted like a charm. I hesitate not to give it my entire approbation for the purposes for which it was made, and consider it one of the most safe, pleasant and effectual articles of the kind ever offered to the public.

I am yours, &c. S. PLYMPTON.

Cambridge, Dec. 9, 1831.

From Mr. A. A. Hayes, Operative Chemist and Superintendent of the Roxbury Chemical Works.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Gentlemen: Having examined the bottle of Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash you gave me, and become acquainted with its composition, it affords me pleasure to express my belief that it well deserves the high reputation it has acquired. It does not contain any substance in solution or suspension, which can either chemically or mechanically injure the teeth, and observation and experience confirm the opinion, that its effects on the mouth are salutary and very agreeable.

With respect, A. A. HAYES.

Roxbury Larboratory, Feb. 8, 1832.

From J. V. C. Smith, M. D. Quarantine Physician for the Port of Boston, (late professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Berkshire Medical Institution.)

Messrs. Lowe & Reed—Although I have neglected to give your Tooth Wash a thorough personal trial, gentlemen of the profession assure me that it has answered their highest expectations. The medicinal articles which enter into its composition induce me to believe that its application to the ulcerated and otherwise diseased surfaces of the mouth and throat, will be appropriate, efficacious and satisfactory. Respectfully yours,

J. V. C. SMITH.

March 20, 1832.

☞ Recommendations from Drs. Shurtleff, Flint and others, may be examined on the wrapper of each bottle.

*** There are perhaps twenty imitations of this Tooth Wash, which wholly or partially assume the above name; none of which have any connexion with the genuine. The wrapper to each bottle is signed in the hand writing of LOWE & REED, inventors and sole proprietors. For sale by the Druggists generally. Price 50 cents.

nov 24 e3w1y.

Athenæum Gallery.

THE Committee for managing the Exhibition of Pictures at the Athenæum Gallery have made arrangements to give the facilities of a Public Sale for the pictures in the Exhibition, of such artists as may wish to take advantage of the opportunity. The sale will take place in the Gallery in the course of the next week, and the pictures will be sold with the condition that they are to remain during the Exhibition. It is obvious that none can be admitted as purshasers without providing themselves with tickets. For the Committee.

June 20. WM. T. ANDREWS.

Boston School Book Depository

CARTER, HENDEE & CO. 131 Washington street, have in press and will speedily publish, the following works by F. I. Grund, author of "Elements of Natural History," an "Elementary Treatise on plain and solid Geometry" &c &c.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, with Bactical Exercises, for the use of Schools, on the same plan as the Elements of Natural Philosophy, and designed to be a companion to it.

POPULAR LESSONS IN ASTRONOMY, in which the leading principles of this science are taught by comparisons, without the aid of numeral arithmetic, for the use of primary Schools.

EXERCISES IN ALGEBRA, for the use of Schools, accompanied by a Key for the teacher, to be used with any Algebra now in use.

EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC, for the use of Schools, accompanied by a Key for the teacher, to be used with any Arithmetic now in use in common schools. aug 3

New Books.

FOR sale by LILLY, WAIT & CO. 121 Washington street, Boston.

THE LADY'S BOOK, Vol 6, No 1, now ready for subscribers, embellished with splendid engravings. The publishers would observe, that from recent arrangements they possess new and unrivalled facilities to render the Lady's Book particularly worthy of popularity, both by the moderation of its cost and its own intrinsic excellence.

THE NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE, No 12, Vol I, 1833, containing three separate Novels, viz: Mademoiselle De Scuderi, Scharfenstein Castle and the Sisters—being the conclusion of the first vol.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY, 2 vols.

THE AMERICAN READY RECKONER—designed to insure correctness as well as despatch in business; by John A. Hersey.

AN APPEAL IN FAVOR OF THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS—by Mrs Child, author of the Mother's Book, Frugal Housewife, &c.

THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH, BURIED VALLEY, and other Poems, by Grenville Mellen, in 1 vol 12mo pp 300.

WENDELL'S REPORTS—Vol IX. Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature and in the Court for the Correction of Errors of the State of New York. By John L. Wendell, Counsellor at Law.

aug 10

Marine Telegraph.

THE undersigned keeps constantly on hand, for the supply of Vessels, *Sets of Telegraph Flags, with a Designating Number and Signal Book.*

To enable Vessels at Sea to communicate intelligence to each other, and to the shore, when they are approaching it, as well as to announce their arrival in our Bay are objects of primary importance to Owners, Shipmasters, and all concerned. Among the many advantages derived from the use of the MARINE TELEGRAPH FLAGS are the following: Vessels, as long as they continue within visible distance of each other, without altering their course, can communicate any species of intelligence either their names, from what Port they came, what voyage they have had, what Vessels they have met, what Vessels they have left in Port, or that had preceded them; if in want of provisions, stores, water, or assistance of any kind; their latitude, longitude, casualties, or any observations they have made during their voyage. With such facilities, no Shipmaster or Owner ought to permit their Vessels to go to Sea, without furnishing them with these simple means of communicating and conversing in a language that is becoming universal on the Ocean. It is not merely in a *Mercantile* or *Commercial*, but NATIONAL point of view, that the Marine Telegraph Flags should be regarded.

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CONTENTS.

Original Papers.—Art. 1. A New Translation of the Bible. 2. The Devil among the Books. 3. Select Sentences. 4. Thoughts on the Study of the Greek and Latin Languages, No 2. 5. Margaret Bell's Vow. 6. Letter on Slavery. 7. Sonnet. 8. My Books. No 2. Valpy's Greek Grammar. 9. The Temperance Pledge. 10. Stanzas. 11. An Address delivered before the Inhabitants of Worcester, on the Fourth of July, 1833. By Edward Everett.

12. Literary Notices. 13. Politics and Statistics. 14. Obituary Notices. 15. Our File.

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Episcopal Prayer Book: According to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.

Aunt Ellen and her Pupils—or a week at Beech Grove.

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